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UNSEEN.

BY L. B. E.

At the spring of an arch in the great north tower,
High up on the wall is an angel's head;
And beneath it is carved a lily flower,
With delicate wings at the side outspread.

They say that the sculptor wrought from the face
Of his youth's lost love, of his promised bride:
And when he had added the last soft grace
To the features, he dropped his chisel and died.

And the worshippers throng to the shrine below
And the sight-seers come with their curious eyes:
But deep in the shadow, where none may know
Its beauty, the gem of his carving lies.

Yet at early morn on a midsummer's day,
When the sun is far to the north, for the space
Of a few short minutes, there fall a ray,
Through an amber pane on the angel's face.

It was wrought for the eye of God; and it seems
That he blesses the work of the dead man's hand
With a ray of the golden light that streams
On the lost that are found in the deathless land.

"HELD IN HONOR."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY BUTTON'S WARD," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

THE news of the arrival of the Earl accompanied by his daughter was soon known everywhere.

Lady Clyffarde had been one of the first to hear it, and she at once told her son Sir Fulke.

Sir Fulke was handsome, clever, and intellectual, the idol of his mother's heart, and the country. He had a fine stalwart figure, a rich bass voice, a genial laugh, and was generous and good-natured to excess. He was proficient in every manly accomplishment, was a dashing rider, an excellent shot, a good fencer, and, what the ladies of Eastshire thought of even higher consequence, an excellent dancer.

Sir Fulke had many noble traits in his character but he had one fault He was vain—vain of his handsome person, vain even of the whiteness of his hands and the gloss of his hair, and especially vain of his success amongst ladies. He liked to hear it said that he rode the finest horses and kept the best dogs in the county. Being a handsome man and sole master of Clyffe Hall, with a clear rent roll of twenty thousand a year, Sir Fulke was of course a favorite. He could tell a good story, and sing a good song; he had plenty of animation; and was a true friend where he gave his friendship. He was a good and dutiful son, a kind and generous landlord, and an excellent master; it was the general opinion in the county that he would make an equally good husband. But where should he choose his wife? Lady Mavers had three handsome daughters; Mrs. Cecil had one only, who would inherit a large fortune; Lady Blakewell had five daughters the youngest of whom, Violet was a beauty. Several times there had been a rumor of an engagement. The pretty young widow Lady Mackenzie lived near, and Sir Fulke had visited her more than once in her affliction. When rallied about any of these fair ladies, he would look wise and at the same time confused.

Much was to be pardoned him. He had received far more flattery than was good for him, and he had been too much sought after. He knew why he was pressed to attend every ball in the county, and why at pic-nics anxious mothers besought him to take the greatest care of their daughters; therefore much was to be excused. He was treated as a young prince who had but to look at a lady to win her. In spite of all homage offered to him, he had never yet been in love.

One morning, when he came down to breakfast, his mother looked up at him with a bright happy smile.

"Fulke, what do you think has happened?" she cried.

"Whatever it may be, mother, it has evidently pleased you," he answered, as he began to open his letters.

"Yes—more than anything else could," she said "The Earl has arrived at Chandos, and Lady Iris is with him. I wonder if she is as beautiful as she gave promise of being?"

Sir Fulke stroked his moustache.

"Did she give such promise, mother? It must be some time since she was at Chandos I can just remember her as a slim, fair-haired child; but, if my memory serves me rightly, she was very proud."

"The Faynes are all proud," said Lady Clyffarde. "I shall drive over to Chandos this morning. Will you accompany me, Fulke?"

"I am afraid that it is impossible—I have an engagement at Kingsdene: but, if you will tell me at what time you will leave Chandos, I will join you and see you home."

This arrangement pleased his mother very much. The one desire of her life for many years past had been that her son should marry the heir of Chandos. She believed that there was no one else in the county good enough for him.

So, in the breakfast-room of Clyffe Hall, mother and son discussed the recent arrival. In all England there was not a more refined gentlewoman than Lady Clyffarde Sir Fulke inherited his mother's taste, and, whatever defects he might have, he was a perfect model of good breeding.

The same news was discussed at the same time at Hyne Court, but in a very different manner.

Richard Bardon had brought to his household the welcome news of the Earl's return.

His wife who had the most profound respect for every word that fell from her husband's lips, listened to him in silence. He was somewhat excited.

"Now we will show some of these fine people who and what we are, Julia; we will show them who Richard Bardon is. They laugh at me and call me the coal merchant. Why, I could buy them all up! They will see that the Earl of Osledon, one of the proudest noblemen in England, will visit me. What shall I care for a few baronets and squires after that?"

"How do you know that he will visit you, Richard?" asked his wife timidly.

"How do I know? Because he is a sensible man; he knows that nobility and money must go hand in hand, that any war between them must prove fatal to both. When he was at Chandos last—you were all away—he came to see me, and very pleased I was with him. 'My lord,' I said, when he was going away, slapping him on the shoulder quite friendly, 'you are a gentleman, and I am proud to see you.' 'I thank you, Mr. Bardon,' he said, with a low bow, just as though I were an earl myself."

The worthy man paused, not for want of words, but for want of breath. Anyone, on looking into that gorgeous room, would have guessed at once that it was the abode of a millionaire. Husband and wife were in the breakfast-room, in which the profusion of gilding and decoration dazzled one. The priceless china, the array of valuable ornaments, the elegance of the furniture, and the quantities of rare exotics all told the same story of boundless wealth.

It was almost ludicrous to see the mistress of all this splendor—a stout ruddy-faced woman, who had not the faintest notion of grace or refinement. Her only idea was that she must, as she said, "dress up" to her position. But even the most talented of Parisian ladies'-maids could not teach her to do so. She covered her portly person with a profusion of lace and gems, and looked all the more vulgar for it. On this morning she had attired herself in a dress of purple silk with sapphire ornaments.

Her daughter was of quite another stamp. Simple, sensible, honest and straightforward, comely in face, without any pretentions to beauty, pleasing and intelligent, Marie Bardon was liked everywhere and by everyone. Even her good-natured fussy father, who held the reins so tightly in his own hands, unconsciously deferred to her.

"Marie," cried the master of Hyne Court, "the part of the news which interests you most is this—that Lady Iris Fayne is with the Earl at Chandos, and you must call upon her, you understand; you must brighten up, Marie. I fancy that sometimes you are sleeping your life away; you must make friends with my Lady Iris."

"Yes," chimed in Mrs. Bardon, mentally going through the contents of her jewel cases, and wondering how Lady Iris Fayne's would compare with them. "Listen to what your papa says, Marie, my dear. You know that he is a man of the world and understands these things."

"I remember, Marie," said the millionaire, "when Lady Blackwell's daughters almost insulted you. Show them that you can be friends with Lady Iris."

There was a quiet smile on the girl's face as she glanced at her father.

"My dear papa," she said, "there is not the least need for you to excite yourself. I will call on Lady Iris with mamma—that is if mamma will allow me to superintend her toilet; but I hardly think that I shall ever be able to say I am a friend of Lady Iris Fayne's. I hear that she is very proud, very refined, and naturally very particular in choosing her friends."

"Well," cried Richard Bardon, "and so are we particular about our friends! Do we not live at Hyne Court, and is not my income double as much as the Earl's! Answer me!"

"The world does not look at things in that way, papa. People do not talk about what they are worth; it is not good-breeding to do so, nor is in good taste. I will do all I can to please you. I will call to-morrow on Lady Iris."

"What is that about Lady Iris Fayne?" asked a young man who suddenly entered the room—a man well dressed and with good features, although slightly heavy, with an air of firmness and determination far too pronounced for much amiability of character.

"I was just saying, John," said Richard Bardon to his son and heir, "that your sister must call upon Lady Fayne. John, it would set us right with the world if you married the Lady Iris Fayne."

"I will set the world right for myself, father," laughed the young man. "If I loved Lady Iris, I would marry her; if not, no Lady Iris for me!"

And the millionaire sighed.

* * * * *

Lady Clyffarde was more than delighted with her young and beautiful neighbor while they were discussing the prospects of the coming season, the most famous beauties, the possible marriages, the county festivities, and other details in which Lady Clyffarde took the greatest possible interest. Presently the sound of another arrival was heard.

"That must be my son Fulke," said her ladyship. "He promised to call for me on his way home. Do you remember him, Lady Iris?"

"So slightly that I should not know him. We played together as children when he was at home for his holidays; but I do not know that we agreed very well."

"I hope you will agree better now," laughed Lady Clyffarde "I am like all other mothers; I think my son is the one perfect man. Here he is; you can judge for yourself"

The proud young beauty turned her head with careless grace as Sir Fulke entered the room. He looked at her with some curiosity, for her loveliness and grace had been warmly extolled by his mother. He was accustomed to see young ladies somewhat moved by his visits, to see the color deepen in fair young faces and bright eyes sparkle, but the calmness of this girl's exquisite face was not in the least disturbed, and there was no sign of delight.

Lady Iris bowed with quiet grace and dignity. Sir Fulke held out his hand, and Lady Clyffarde was on the point of introducing him, when he said:

"There is no need, mother. I am quite sure that my old playfellow has not forgotten me. Have you, Lady Iris?"

"I am afraid I must say 'Yes,' Sir Fulke. I certainly should not know you."

"I think I should have known you, although you have grown so tall. You were quite a child when I saw you last."

Then he sat down by her side. As a rule, he found all the young ladies he knew ready, and even perhaps a little anxious, to entertain him; they would devote their time to him and use little arts of fascination. This queenly young beauty did none of these things; she did not even glance towards him, but gave the greatest part of her attention to his mother—a proceeding which greatly astonished him. It was hardly possible, he thought, that she could so completely overlook all his attractions. A furtive glance at the mirror revealed to him that he never looked better. His hair was parted to a nicety, the fair moustache drooped elegantly; there was nothing whatever amiss with his appearance. He was Sir Fulke Clyffarde of Clyffe Hall, yet to this young beauty he was evidently a person of no consideration. This would not do; he must win her attention at once. He was not accustomed to neglect or indifference; the spoiled child of society could not endure it.

How beautiful she was! Violet Blakewell could never be called a belle now. He looked at the queenly head, at the white throat, the slender figure round which the white dress fell in such graceful folds, the well shaped hands and he owned to himself that never in his life had he seen one half so lovely as this young girl

"Half the eligible men in London will be at her feet on the first day she makes her appearance," he said to himself; and then he bethought him of his mother's wish that he should marry Lady Iris.

He had laughed in a half contemptuous manner when Lady Clyffarde had first proposed. He had devoutly believed that there would be no great difficulty in the matter. He had the greatest respect for all ladies; but at the same time he did not think that there was one who would refuse him. But even at this his first interview with Lady Iris Fayne he did not feel quite so sure on the latter point. She would require a great deal of wooing—that was quite certain; she would not be won by a few smiles and honeyed words He would have to take pains over the process. Never for one moment did it occur to him that he could by any possibility be refused.

"I shall be compelled to give myself some trouble," he thought; "but she is worth the winning."

Yet the more closely he watched her the more uncertain he grew, Her face was so beautiful and so proud that he could picture it under a regal crown. But he could never dream of it as softened by love, or made tender by human passion. Hence he lost some of his customary ease before he had been in her presence very long. He saw that he must exert himself to amuse Lady Iris, and that he must do homage to her. It was a novel sensation, but he did not altogether dislike it.

Quite insensibly his manner changed. All the self-complacency left him; he became solicitous to please; and the result was that Lady Iris became interested in him. He talked of the county and the scenery; he asked her if she remembered Clyffe Hall, and when she said 'No,' Lady Clyffarde begged of her to visit them and see it—which she promised to do.

Altogether it was a most pleasant morning. With the new assumption of humility, which suited him far better than any other, Sir Fulke asked Lady Iris to show him the Chandos orchids

"I thought," he said, "that I had the finest orchids in the county. I like to have the best of everything; but I have been told that the orchids at Chandos are better than mine."

"I shall be pleased to go as far as the

orchid-house with you," she answeredo gently. "My father makes the plants quite a specialty. Lady Clyffarde will no doubt be pleased to see them also."

The three went together. As they drew near the orchid-house, Lady Clyffarde stopped to admire some rare fuchsias, and the two were left alone. Lady Iris looked up suddenly at her companion.

"You said just now that you liked the best of everything; do you think that is quite right?"

"Yes, quite right," he replied. "Why not?"

"I do not think that you should wish for the best of everything—it has a selfish sound. Let others have the best of some things."

"If you think so," he said, looking rather uncomfortable, "I will never say it again."

No answer came from the proud lips of Lady Iris, and he missed the usual praise which followed any promise of his.

"I thought to please you, Lady Iris?" he asked.

She raised her eyes, which were full of haughty wonder and surprise, to his.

"I do not understand, Sir Fulke. In what way?"

"By making that promise to you," he replied.

"The promise was made to yourself," she said coldly. "It has nothing to do with me."

"I flattered myself that as you deigned to correct me you would naturally take some interest in the matter."

"I did not intend to correct you—I spoke without thinking. The matter has no interest for me—none whatever, I assure you, Sir Fulke."

The pride in the exquisite face, the cold tone of the sweet voice, the unconscious gesture with which she raised her head and walked on, were sufficient to check further discussion. All his self love could not deceive him into thinking that she took even the faintest interest in him.

It was most surprising. If he had said half as much to Violet Blakewell she would have turned her lustrous eyes upon him, blushed, and looked coy. This calm proud beauty simply walked on. There was work to do evidently. This was no easy task. To regain her favor he saw that he must speak at once of something that would interest her.

Sir Fulke could talk both well and cleverly when he chose. He changed both tone and manner when he spoke to her again. As she stood amongst the sweet-smelling orchids, he thought that he had never seen so fair a picture; when she touched one of them with her lips, Sir Fulke thought he could give his life to be one of the fair blossoms—yet he dared not say so.

Lady Clyffarde expressed her delight at the beauty of the flowers.

"There is something very peculiar," said Sir Fulke, "in the odor of some orchids. It is very beautiful—there is a subtle sweetness in it."

"Perhaps you will think me very foolish if I tell you what effect the odor of an orchid has upon me," said Lady Iris, smiling. "It makes me long at once to go abroad. I cannot account for it, but the moment I enter this house a wild longing seizes me to quit this cold Northern clime and seek a sunnier one. I have read that certain odors have a most peculiar effect on some people!"

"I hope you will stop at the longing," observed Sir Fulke. "I should be sorry if the desire to rush away were accomplished, Lady Iris."

"There is little to fear; I like home best, Sir Fulke;" and she turned to Lady Clyffarde, as though it were with her that she desired to converse. "There is another odor which has a wonderful effect upon me," she said—"that of southernwood. I have heard people call the plant vulgar—as though any such word were applicable. If I take a spray of it and rub it on my hands, beautiful and poetical ideas rise in my mind and transport me almost into another world."

"It is a strange thing," remarked Sir Fulke. "I must own that the odor of the lilac has the same effect upon me. I am not imaginative, but whenever I am near a lilac tree the odor seems, in some unaccountable way, to bring all the days of my boyhood back to me, and my heart softens. There are times too when it makes me melancholy. I am almost ashamed to confess that, man as I am, a spray of lilac has before now brought a choking sensation into my throat."

Lady Iris looked far more kindly at him than she had hitherto done. The words pleased her. She liked sentiment; and in a strong man she thought it doubly commendable.

"I may as well make my confession also," said Lady Clyffarde. "The flower above all others which moves me is that of the jonquil—you know the creamy flower with the yellow heart?—its odor gives me a strange sensation, half pleasant, half sad."

"Of what?" asked Lady Iris, deeply interested.

Lady Clyffarde was silent for a few minutes; and then in a low voice she answered:

"Of dead or ungratified desires."

CHAPTER IV.

FOR a few minutes a feeling of melancholy pervaded the little party. Sir Fulke broke the silence.

"There are many theories that might be started concerning this subtle sense of ours. When one smells a wood-violet, a picture of the spot where it grew often comes to the mind. Smell a rose, and a number of sweet fancies arise; bend over a bed of mignonnette, and tender thoughts come into the mind. I believe a man or woman could be largely influenced by being made to breathe certain beautiful odors."

"I think," remarked Lady Clyffarde, "that we are getting over fanciful. Out in the fresh air we may perhaps regain our senses. Evidently the odor of the orchids is too much for us."

"I enjoy discussing such thoughts," said Lady Iris.

"There is so much in the world that we seldom think of hidden mysteries and hidden beauties," observed Sir Fulke—which remark raised him considerably in Lady Iris's estimation.

They walked back to the long drawing room; and there, while the carriage was ordered, the conversation turned to the Bardons.

"You know them, of course, Lady Clyffarde?" asked the young heiress.

"Yes, I know them—after a fashion; we exchange solemn dinner-parties, and good Mr Bardon grows very flushed and heated in his endeavors to entertain us. The daughter, Marie Bardon, is the nicest member of the family. She will one day have an enormous fortune."

Sir Fulke smiled sedately. How often had that phrase, "an enormous fortune," been uttered within his hearing!

Then Lady Clyffarde rose to take leave; and a little incident happened which opened her eyes more clearly as to the character of the young heiress.

Lady Iris still held in her hands the white orchids she had gathered; and, as he bowed his adieux, Sir Fulke said to her:

"In memory of a very happy morning and a very pleasant conversation, may I—Will you give me one of those?"

There was a faint shadow of surprise on her face.

"Give you a flower! Why should I, Sir Fulke?"

"Because it would be an act of grace that would make me happy," he replied.

A slow smile came over her face.

"You gentlemen of the nineteenth century who live at home at ease do not resemble the knights and courtiers of olden times," she said. "You have seen me once, talked to me for an hour, and you ask me for a flower. A knight of old would have risked his life or fought a desperate combat for such a gift!"

She looked at him with sweet proud eyes and smiling lips. Her clear serene glance stirred the blood in his veins.

"You are right, Lady Iris. I will be content if you will grant me the favor I ask when I have tried to win it."

"That is more reasonable," she said.

"You have forgotten one thing, Lady Iris"—and he spoke with the air of a victor—"that when a knight served a lady so faithfully and so well it was because she was his lady-love."

"There," she said, laying the white orchids on the table—"we have talked nonsense enough for one day!"

"But you will own yourself defeated, Lady Iris?" he cried.

"No, not now—or ever! We Faynes never acknowledge defeat!"

Then the carriage was announced, and Lady Clyffarde, with Sir Fulke, went away. They drove for some minutes in silence; and then Lady Clyffarde said:

"I have seen many lovely girls, Fulke, but none like her."

"No, none like her," he echoed. "Mother, what were those doggrel lines you repeated the other day? They haunted me all the time I was talking to her, but I could not recall them."

"'All the Faynes are proud and cold—
They their name with honor hold!'

Do you mean these lines, Fulke? Lady Iris does seem proud and cold. I will never believe that she is either; there are great depths of love in that girl's heart."

"If one could but discover them," said her son. "She is very proud. Did you notice she refused to give me one of those orchids? It was rather a change for me; I generally find young ladies willing to share their flowers with me. She almost—nay, I may say quite—gave me to understand that I could have no flower until I had worked for it. I wonder," continued Sir Fulke, with a new light in his eyes, "if I did something to please her, whether she would treat me differently! I must try her."

"Do you like her, Fulke?" asked his mother anxiously.

"Yes. The one great danger is that I may like her too well."

"The wish of my heart is that you should marry her," said his mother.

"Between the wish and the accomplishment there is a wide gulf, mother," he laughed—"not that I think she would refuse me. What lovely eyes she has! They are like wood-violets—the daintiest, sweetest violet that was ever called blue."

"You are very enthusiastic, Fulke, about Lady Iris, considering that this is the first time you have seen her since she was a child."

"I tell you frankly, mother, she is the loveliest and the noblest girl I have ever seen. Did you note her face when she said those words, 'Held with honor?' It was like a picture!"

The young baronet resolutely closed his eyes during the remainder of the drive—closed them to the sunlight and the flowers, lest they should distract his attention from the memory of the loveliest face he had ever seen.

His mother watched him with anxious eyes. Although she loved him with her whole heart, and thought him the most handsome and accomplished of men, she was far too clear-sighted not to see his faults, the undercurrent of vanity, the taint of conceit, that marred what would otherwise have been a noble manhood.

Such a wife as Lady Iris would make would put all things right, she thought. She would have such influence over him that she would remedy the defects of his character as no one else could; and Lady Clyffarde sighed as she wondered whether Lady Iris would ever love her son. The time had been when she would not have doubted it. Fulke was so handsome; he had a fine estate and a large income; he was a refined, well educated gentleman. What could any girl want more? But since she had seen Lady Iris her ideas had undergone a change. There was one girl, at least, in the neighborhood who was not to be won easily; there was one who would require as much wooing as any princess. Would her son, so flattered and admired, have patience to give that homage? That was the question which occupied her mind.

Lady Iris in the meantime thought quite as much of her old friends as they did of her. She had always liked Lady Clyffarde better than any of the friends she had known. In her own mind she had felt some curiosity as to what Sir Fulke would be like. She had some vague recollection of having seen him when she was quite a child, and of not liking him very much. She was, on the whole, rather pleased with him. He was pleasant in his manner, good-looking, more than intelligent, and he had entered keenly and quickly into her ideas. It was true there had been in his manner once or twice something that had at first seemed like vanity or conceit, but she tried to convince herself now that she had been mistaken. A man could not be vain; vanity was assurredly a woman's weakness. She must have misunderstood him. For a vain woman she had the greatest possible contempt, but for a vain man she could have no toleration. She was thoughtful for some time after they had left her.

An old proverb came into her mind when she heard of the next arrival—"It never rains but it pours." A grand carriage with a pair of magnificent horses, the coachmen and two footmen in gorgeous liveries, suddenly appeared in the drive; and a few moments later a footman entered with a silver salver. Lord Caledon followed him into the room.

"Iris," he said, hurriedly, "you will have an infliction; the Bardons are here in full force—father, mother, daughter, and son. I am sure, my dear child, you will do anything to oblige me. I wish you most particularly to be civil to these people. Remember, although you are unwilling to allow it, money is a power."

"My dear papa," she said, smiling, "you need not give me a lecture on political economy; your wish is sufficient. If you desire that I should be both civil and kind to these good people, I will be so."

The result was that when the Bardons, in a very flushed and agitated state, entered the room, Lady Iris received them with a smile such as she had seldom given to those whose friendship she desired.

Dauntless as was Richard Bardon, much as he believed in the infinite superiority of wealth, good as were his notions about "self made men," he was not quite himself when he entered that proud dainty presence. He thought to himself that he could manage men—more or less his money influenced them all; but women were different. This one, with her quiet, well-bred manner and her refined accent, overawed him. Her dress seemed part of herself, simple and artistic. There was no display of jewelry—he sighed as he thought of his wife's sapphires—there was no profusion of ribbons. She wore a white gown, and her fair silken hair was simply arranged. Altogether she formed a picture of refinement, grace and delicacy that startled him. As she stood there, her fair shapely head erect, her graceful figure perfectly at ease, her dress falling in artistic folds, the word "patrician" seemed to be stamped upon her.

He advanced with some little trepidation; his hands seemed suddenly to have grown larger and redder, and to be very much in his way. He could only articulately murmur that he hoped her ladyship found herself quite well; and then he retired in single confusion.

"Knocked down by rank!" he said to himself. "Who would have thought it of me!"

Mrs. Bardon had placed all her faith and hope in a certain Indian shawl of which she was inordinately proud; some one had told her that the Queen had a great penchant for Indian shawls. When Mrs. Bardon donned this shawl, she was accustomed to say, with a vapid smile—

"You see I am like the Queen; I prefer Indian shawls."

On this her first visit to Chandos the Indian shawl was worn, with a dress of dark purple satin and a whole suit of sapphires. Mrs. Bardon did not trouble herself much about class distinction. She confessed that in a general way she "adored the aristocracy"—and there was an end to it. She enjoyed the good things of this life, and took matters pretty much as they came.

Marie Bardon was, herself, simple and straightforward. Lady Iris liked her at once; the fresh comely face, the honest earnest eyes, the sensitive lips, made their way to her heart. Lady Iris did what was unusual with her; she held out her hand with kindly words, while in her heart she hoped that the girl and herself would be friends.

John Bardon presented himself next. Lady Iris's quick glance took in every detail—the tall figure, with its air of coarse strength and utter want of refinement, the strongly-marked features, the assumed ease of manner, and the hands that no patent soap could whiten. If John Bardon had a weakness in life, it was in respect of finger-nails; to his sorrow his were short, queerly shaped, and utterly unmanageable. They were a great trial to him. For the rest, he was well educated, and he tried hard to make himself believe that money was the greatest good. Yet, although he comforted himself with every kind of maxim, he resented with hot bitter passion the fact of his lowly origin.

He was sullenly, morbidly jealous of every aristocrat with whom he came in contact. He took no simple manly pride in his father's industry. There was but one hope for him, and it was that he should marry well—"marry birth," as he expressed it, and not money. He would have money, and perhaps by letters-patent he might take the name of his wife, and so forget the coal-and-iron phase of existence altogether.

Even as he looked at Lady Iris's lovely face, and noted the queenly grace of her manner, the idea occurred to him—Here, above all others, was the one woman who could save him, the woman who had all that he valued and which he himself had not—a noble name, a long line of ancestors, and every honor that birth could give. He looked from her to the golden scroll, and read the words, "Held with honor."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PLUG HATS.—A wise philosopher observes that the plug hat is virtually a sort of social guarantee for the preservation of peace and order. He who puts one on has given a hostage to the community for his good behavior. The wearer of a plug hat must move with a certain sedateness and propriety. He can not run, or jump, or romp, or get in a scuffle except at the peril of his head gear. All the hidden influence of the beaver tend toward respectability. He who wears one is obliged to keep the rest of his body in decent trim that there may be no incongruity between head and body. He is apt to become thoughtful through the necessity of watching the sky whenever he goes out. The chances are that he will buy an umbrella, another guarantee of good behavior, and the care of hat and umbrella—perpetual and exacting as it must ever be—adds to the sweetness of his character. The man who wears a plug hat naturally takes to the society of women, with all its elevating tendencies. He cannot go hunting or fishing without abandoning his beloved hat, but in the moderate enjoyment of croquet or lawn tennis he may sport his beaver with impunity. In other words the constant use of a plug hat makes a man composed in manner, quiet and gentlemanly in conduct, and the companion of ladies. The inevitable result is prosperity, marriage and church membership.

THE HOWLING OF A DOG.—To hear a dog howl in the night has been regarded of old with the same dislike as in modern times, and arises from the belief that the dog can see things which are not visible to other eyes. In Homer, when the dogs know Minerva, they "fled to the stalls' far side," and the dogs of the North were conscious when the goddesses came to earth. The "Exposition of the Five Books of Moses," says: "Our Rabbins of blessed memory have said when the dogs howl then cometh the angel of death into the city; but when the dogs are at play then cometh Elias into the city." German peasants believe that if a dog barks looking upward a recovery may be expected; but if he looks toward the earth, death is certain. In Cornwall the howling of a dog is always a bad sign, but "if repeated for three nights, the house against which it howled will soon be in mourning." In Lancashire, where the death-tick is still feared, it is reported as "a curious circumstance" that the real death tick must only tick three times on each occasion.

Our New Premiums.

Some of our readers seem to think our Diamante Brilliants can be obtained for 19 cents; some, more generous, send us 57 cents; and others are under the impression that they are entitled to a ring, a pair of earrings, or a stud, and the Post one year for $2.00. If our friends knew the real value of these Premiums, they would gladly accept our very reasonable terms. Any one of the new Premiums costs us more in actual cash than 52 copies of the Post. Please don't forget this, and you will save us no end of trouble.

For $2.00 and 19 three-cent stamps we send by Registered Mail any one of the Premiums and extend your present subscription one year, or send the paper one year to any address you desire. For a club of two subscribers one year, at $2.00 each, we give the sender any one of the Premiums; for $6.00 any two Premiums, and three yearly subscriptions; and for $8.00 all three Premiums and four subscriptions. We could sell any of the Diamante Brilliants readily for $5.00 without the Post, for similar articles sell in Philadelphia now for from $5.00 to $15.00 each.

These Premiums positively cost more money than any premium ever offered by anybody. We guarantee them to be set in SOLID GOLD, and if not precisely as represented in every particular, return them, and we will refund the amount of your remittance promptly. Diamante Brilliants are mounted, set, wear and look like genuine diamonds worth $100 or more. The best judges fail to detect the imitation; they are produced chemically; they are imported for us, and mounted to our order; they are worn in the best society, and they are the only perfect substitute for real diamonds ever produced.

More Recipients Heard From.

Bell Air, Cooper Co., Mo., March 25, 1881.
Ed. Saturday Evening Post:—Have received two numbers of the Post and was much pleased with it. Yesterday the Premium (earrings) came. To say that the "Diamante Brilliants" is quite as good and beautiful as you represented it would not half express my admiration and satisfaction. I have just been exhibiting it to some of my lady friends, and they as well as myself pronounced it handsomer than a pair of pure diamond earrings worn by one of them for which she gave two hundred dollars. Will use my efforts to induce my friends to send their names.
MRS. KATE W.

Bound Brook, March 23, 1881.
Eds. Saturday Evening Post:—I received the ring on the 15th. I am greatly pleased with it. It more than meets my expectations. It is very beautiful. Accept my thanks. The Post I consider a most excellent paper. I intend to take it as long as I can. My father took it more than thirty years ago. I will try to get some subscribers.
C. W. K.

Shelbina, Shelby Co., Mo., March 19, 1881.
Messrs. Editors:—I have received the ring. It is beautiful. It exceeds my expectations. The Post is just splendid—suits me in every particular. Will send you one or two subscribers in a short time.
MRS. E. B.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., March 21, 1881.
Saturday Evening Post. Sirs:—I am perfectly pleased with the Premium "stud," and would not take $10 for it at present. I hope to get you two subscribers.
W. O. L.

Irvington, Mich., March 21, 1881.
Gentlemen:—I have received my Diamante ring, and am more than pleased with its beauty. It is much better than I had expected to receive as a premium for the price I paid for the paper.
M. L. T.

Memphis, Tenn., March 24, 1881.
Saturday Evening Post:—The ear rings came safely to hand yesterday, and have given entire satisfaction. Have been greatly admired by all who have seen them. I cannot see how you can afford to give such fine premiums.
E. H. A.

Carlinville, March 20, 1881.
Saturday Evening Post:—I have received my premium ring, and am only too well pleased with it. It is a great deal better than I expected. I will do all I can to get my friends to subscribe.
W. B.

Boston, Mass., March 25, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—The ring Premium received, and proves entirely satisfactory.
MISS K. T.

Limestone, E. Tenn., March 24, 1881.
Received the ring to-day. Very much pleased with it. It appears to be all you represent it. Will try and get you more subscribers.
F. V. E.

Wellington, Kans. March 22, 1881.
Gentlemen:—Ring received, and gives entire satisfaction.
MRS A. L.

Jenny, Wis., March 2', 1881.
Editor Post. Dear Sirs:—I received my paper and ring to day. I am very much pleased with both. I will try and get some more subscribers.
W. L. A.

Salem, Lee Co., Ala., March 19, 1881.
Messrs. Editors.—Your new premium earrings came duly to hand, and I am well pleased with them. I desire to say it is well worth the money, to say nothing about the paper. Am doing all that is in my power to get my friends to subscribe.
W. L. B.

Kingsport, Tenn., March 19, 1881.
Editor Saturday Evening Post:—I received the premium ring the 31 of this month, and was highly pleased with it. Think it well worth the money paid, aside from the paper. Am going to get you some subscribers, for you certainly offer great inducements.
T. H. H.

Charlotte, N. C., March 23, 1881.
Messrs. Ed'tors:—The premium of the "Brilliants" ring received. I am highly pleased with it. All my lady acquaintances say they must take the paper. I think your paper will become popular in this place.
MRS. JOHN P.

New York, March 24, 1881.
Dear Post:—Received your charming paper yesterday. The ring to-day. I am delighted with it and shall show it to all of my friends with the greatest pleasure, and will try and have them all subscribe.
MISS E. K.

Point Peninsula, N. Y., March 14, 1881.
Ed'tors Saturday Evening Post.—Many thanks for the premium seat, which more than equals my expectation.
E. A. C.

Collins, Ind., March 19 1881.
Gentlemen:—I received the Diamante ring yesterday evening. Every one that has seen it think it one of the most beautiful rings they ever saw. You have my best thanks, and best wishes for the time to come. I shall do all I can for you.
D. H.

With such indorsements, such a paper, such premiums, at such a low price, we hope to receive a renewal from every subscriber on our books.
Address, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
726 Sansom Street, Philada.

Waiting.

BY JAMES T HARLEY.

FIFTEEN years had rolled away since last I stood in the market place of the city. Ah! fifteen years make great differences for a returning man. I do not often call them up, for they are melancholy, maddening ghosts. But when I do, the music with which they stalk into my thought is such as this. A monotonous sound of hammers—clink, clink, clink—always in the same measure, and broken only by the fall of stone fragments; a heavy clang of iron doors mercilessly shut to in reverberating corridors, with nothing but my own breathing, my own pulse, coming afterward; for I spent my fifteen years in prison.

Do you ask how I came there? The story is not a long one. I was junior partner in the banking house of my elder brother near Hartford. One evening, about nine o'clock, as I was leaving the steps of my lodging, a heavy hand fell upon my shoulder, and I turned to see a sheriff's officer, with his assistant, standing close by me. On the opposite side of the street the lights shone merrily from the window of the woman I loved. I was on my way to answer their invitation, and felt, as every true man feels on such an errand, gentle toward all humanity. So I did not roughly push aside the interloper's hand, as ordinarily I would have done, but quietly moved out from under it, and said:

"My man, there is some mistake here. You have taken the wrong person."

"That won't do; you are John Markham, of Hartford. In the name of the Commonwealth I arrest you for forgery."

Just then, on the opposite side of the street, the curtain went down at the lighted window, and, knowing in my soul that it dropped forever between me and the one being who in her held all things for which I lived, I felt a quick cold shudder of agony run through me, and my knees smote together like a coward's. I said no more, but went with my captor.

The first night in jail! Ah, that was terrible! In this channel my thoughts ran:

My brother, three days ago, gave me in private a heavy draft to be collected at another banking house, drawn in his favor by one of his correspondents and endorsed by another. I remember that he looked restless when he gave it to me; that he hurried from the room immediately afterward. I presented the draft; I received the money; it was put into my hands; the books, which I keep, bear no account of it. He forged the paper. I am the suspected one. I have no means of proving my innocence, unless, perhaps, by proving his guilt. That, most like, is possible. At any rate, what a terrible step for a man to take against his dead mother's only other child! And he has a lovely wife whom it would slay. Yet I myself have—oh, God! shut out her image from me! I must not see it; I shall go mad!

In this groove my thoughts rolled back and forward through the night. Facing this alternative I stood till the day of my trial—just one month. My brother came often to see me. She whom I loved visited me many times. I told her I was innocent, and she believed me. I could not tell her who was guilty.

My trial came on. I need not pain myself with a long recital. I was convicted and condemned to the awful prison for fifteen years to come.

Then I parted from home and friends. My brother did not bid me good by; he lay sick of a raging fever, on whose chances hung his life. But she—the holy, the heroic—had borne all things, and came to see me so. She clasped my manacled hands in her own, she pressed one long, last kiss upon the convict's lips, and said, with a solemn cheerfulness, "I will wait for you!" Then, with a superstition which, frivolous though it seem, still crept into the awfulness of that hour, I stopped my watch, and vowed inwardly that its hands should never move till we met again.

After that the gates of my prison opened to let in but one message from the outside. The chaplain brought me a lock of well known soft brown hair and told me, with a tear in his eye, that an old man had given it to him for me, saying: "My daughter is with God. She died whispering that she would wait for John Markham."

I endured the knowledge of her death with a benumbed patience uncomplaining, rarely weeping a single drop. I went through the unvarying round of day labor in the prison yard with a steady, mechanical industry which surprised my task masters.

The years slowly passed on, and at last I was free.

I had come in with the majesty of the law—a guard on either side. I went out alone—no danger was apprehended of my escaping from that other prison—the world. Leaving the high gray walls behind me, I struck into the road for the city. And thus, late in the afternoon, I came whither the commencement of my recital finds me, and stood in the market place of the town which I had last seen fade out behind me as I went away in scorn.

No wonder that by all the passers I was stared at as an oddity—something to be suspected and shrunk from; for my grizzled hair was of the prison cut, my clothing had gone out of fashion when the fathers in the street were children, and, not from fear but long use, I looked no man in the face. And here and there, in knots, the people whispered about me—sometimes with an evident carelessness as to how loud. But I only nursed a deeper and more quiet wrath.

There came along that way a throng of children just from school. Stepping up to one of them I asked, "Does George Markham still live in this place?" The little girl turned up a sunny spring morning face and answered:

"I am his daughter, sir. Do you want to see him?"

A hellish thought suggested itself to me. I said, "Yes, you may show me the way to his house."

I knew we should take a cross path over the fields and past a long reach of lonely woods. In the most solitary part of that path I might wreak upon the guilty head of George Markham the most terrible vengeance which could wipe out his bitter wrong to me. I would kill his child and bring her home to him, confessing that I did it, and glorying in the end of that horrid game of quits on whose first throw he had staked my heaven and lost it.

The little maiden took my hand confidingly. That might unnerve me; so I loosed it and told her to go before while I followed. She tossed back her curls and went bounding ahead at a rate my strides were hardly equal to. Still I kept my eye on her. After a while we came into a low brook course between two hills, over the foremost one of which I could just see the chimneys of my brother's house. I looked about me—no one was in sight—rescue was impossible. The devil whispered, "Now!" Then I called to the child to stop, saying that I must look for something I had dropped. She obeyed, and stood amusing herself with making wreaths of the violets which grew by the water course, while I stooped to find a heavy stone which might do my bidding of vengeance surely and silently. All around me in the bed of the brook were nothing but pebbles. I walked a few steps farther down in my quest, and went out of sight around a clump of alders. The little girl must have thought me less law her, for, all at once, I heard her call, gently:

"I am waiting for you!"

Gracious God! Who spoke? Do the loved that are forever lost cry to us out of paradise? "I am waiting for you!"—the very message that, five years ago, floated down through my prison bars from her whom the Father had just numbered with his saints.

I stood up and wandered back, more dreaming than awake, to the spot where George Markham's daughter still stayed plaiting violets. She turned to me with a smile, and said:

"I did not mean to hurry you, sir, but my father is very, very unwell, and I ought to be at home."

I clasped the little one in my arms. I told her that her father was my only brother, and with a waited humbly to see her recoil from the loathsome convict. But with childlike joy she hugged me closer around the neck, and cried:

"Oh, I am so glad! I am so glad! Poor papa has been talking about you these four days, and saying—but oh, he must not die!—'I can not die till John comes home!'"

With a reverent step, and bowing low, I came into the room of my dying brother. His pale face flushed and paled again as he saw me, and then, hiding it in the pillow, he cried:

"Look not on me. God is wreaking his wrath on the devil who wasted your life!"

"Not so, my brother," I answered, solemnly; "I from my soul forgive you."

I held him on my breast through the waxing and the waning of that strange night—my first night of liberty—my first night with the new soul. And he sorrowed with the sorrowing that needeth no repentance. With a kiss which brought back the days of our childhood, at dawn his spirit parted from me. Then, beside the little girl who had fallen asleep from weariness, I laid him who slept a calmer sleep—the sleep of forgiveness and peace.

The gentle child and I followed him to the grave. With her I mourned for him in my new soul.

The day came for the reading of the will. Relatives, friends, neighbors, were collected in the parlor, where my dead brother used to sit pining remorsefully through the long evenings with his motherless child. Yet they all sat apart from the returned convict, looking at me with an evil eye. But I bore it meekly, with little Rose, in her mourning dress, nestled against my breast, as if I were the last thing on earth she had to cling to.

The lawyer opened the will. It told the truth. All was left to me, and I was to be a father to his only child.

Then, like the friends of Job, my acquaintance came back to me, beholding how I was prospered. Again I stood an upright man in the face of earth as well as heaven, and none uttered an ill whisper of me.

Now I live alone with Rose, who has filled the place of the daughter I might have had but for the fifteen years. She is my child, my companion, my comforter, my pupil. And never on earth will I bring any other love between us; for at night, when I look up into the stars, I hear a low voice saying:

"I am waiting for John Markham!"

BRIC-A-BRAC.

TAX ON SALT.—The taxes on salt in France were formerly very heavy. From 4000 to 5000 persons were annually sent to prison for their infraction.

THE CHINAMAN'S PIGTAIL.—The Chinaman uses his long pigtail for many purposes other than ornamental. The schoolmaster brings it smartly to bear on the fingers of the recalcitrant youth; the sais-driver has no other instrument wherewith to stimulate his beast; the man tired of life employs it as a hanging rope; and lastly, the executioner seizes hold of it when he decapitates a man.

ANTIQUITY OF LOTTERIES.—The Romans used to enliven their Saturnalia with lotteries, by distributing tickets, all of which gained some prize. Augustus instituted lotteries that consisted, however, of things of little value. Nero also established lotteries for the people, in which one thousand tickets were daily distributed, and several of those who were favored by fortune got rich by them. The first lottery of which we find any record in modern annals was in the year 1569.

THE BRIDEGROOM.—Among some tribes of India, if a young man wants to marry, his father takes with him some friends, and they set out towards the village or house indicated by the youth. If they hear a bird chirping on the way, they return dismayed. It is a bad omen. If they meet a hare or a squirrel, a wild boar or a mountain cat, it is likewise an evil omen. But if they meet a stag or a bullock, a buffalo or a young maiden, it is a good omen, and they go on their way rejoicing. The chirping of the bird, the innocent cat or hare, wild boar or squirrel, may make two fond hearts disconsolate; for, once abandoned, a search in that direction again for a wife would be profanity.

NATIONS WITHOUT FIRE.—According to Pliny, fire was a long time unknown to some of the ancient Egyptians, and when Thales, the celebrated astronomer, showed it to them, they were absolutely in rapture. The Persians, Phœnicians, Greeks, and several other nations acknowledge that their ancestors were without the use of fire, and the Chinese confess the same of their progenitors. Plutarch and other ancient writers speak of nations who, know not the use of fire, or had just learned it. Facts of the same kind are also attested by several modern nations. The inhabitants of the Marians Islands, which were discovered in 1551, had no idea of fire. At first they believed it was some kind of animal that fixed to and fed upon wood. The inhabitants of the Philippine and Canary Islands were equally ignorant. Africa presents, even in our day, tribes in this deplorable state.

THE BENGALIA AND CASHMERES.—About two centuries ago a French navigator named Bagon brought from Asia a new plant which is still called after him, bagonia. Few readers would suspect the part this plant plays in the production of the handsome shawls so prized by ladies. The best by far of these are made in Cashmere a beautiful district at the foot of the Himalaya mountains. The material used in their manufacture is the finest down from the Thibet goat. Every one has probably remarked the singularly graceful patterns with which they are ornamented, and perhaps wondered whether they were studies from nature or the production of the artist's brain. They are the former. Nature in the East supplies admirably graceful leaves upon which the sun designs delicate ornaments, and the workmen of Cashmere imitate them, as the Grecian sculptors copied the curves of the acanthus in the Corinthian capitals. These leaves are those of the begonia.

NAMES OF COUNTRIES.—Europe signifies a country of white complexion, so named because the inhabitants were of a lighter complexion than Asia or Africa. Africa signifies the land of corn or ears. It was celebrated for its abundance of corn and all sorts of grain. Siberia signifies thirsty or dry—very characteristic. Spain, a country of rabbits or conies. It was one so infested with these animals, that it need Augustus for an army to destroy them. Italy, a country of pitch, from its yielding great quantities of black pitch. Gaul, modern France, signifies yellow-haired, as yellow hair characterised its inhabitants. This was a rugged, mountainous province in Scotland. Hibernia, or Ireland, is utmost, or last habitation; for beyond this the westward Phœnicians never extended their voyages. Britian, the country of tin, great quantities being found on its adjacent islands. The Greeks called it Albion, which signifies in the Phœnician either white or high mountain, from the whiteness of its shores, or the high rocks on the western shore.

PAST JOYS.

BY ALICE L. MCALILLY.

Why do we dwell upon the past,
And youthful tokens save—
Why treasure up those happy hours,
And in their sweetness lave,
Forgetting the dark gulf between
To-day and days of yore—
Forget we too the grave that soon
Shall hide us evermore?

Like lighted lamps of yesternight
Are joys now past away;
Why close the curtains now to shun
The bright light of to-day?
The past is past, and can naught else
But thrill the heart with pain;
Blow out the tapers of lost time—
Let sunshine in again.

Exchange No Robbery.

BY J. FERGUSON.

"AND so you are going to get spliced, old boy!" said I.

"Yes," said Lancelot—only "yes;" but what a yes!—with such a light in his old brown eyes, and gripping my hand in his big paw till I winced; but I suppressed any outward demonstration, and asked:

"How did it all come to pass!"

"Well, I'll tell you," replied Lancelot. I'll begin at the very beginning, and tell you how I first came to know Madgie Tudor. What a beast that Littleby Lupus is!"

"What's that got to do with Miss Tudor!" quoth I, rather aggrieved.

"Why, everything, my dear boy, everything!" replied Lancelot. "I always did hate Littleby Lupus from the very first moment I saw the cur at Dane Marsden's. At breakfast, he sat opposite to me there. I thought him a beast at once, for he sported a lot of jewelry, and had a whole bundle of lockets, seals, and things, fastened to a big chain, displayed most prominently. After breakfast we were having a cigar on the terrace, and looking at the nags, when up comes the snob: 'Mr Lancelot Lancaster, I believe?' I bowed and looked confounded disagreeable, I'm sure, but he wasn't to be daunted.

"'My father knew yours, sir—boys at school together—his great wish that we should become friends—knew we should from the first moment I saw you—am never mistaken in my first impressions of people—like you awfully.' Whereupon he shook hands violently with me and chuckled idiotically, and again expressed his opinion that I was born to be his bosom friend—confound his impudence!

"Of Lupus, the father, I knew nothing personally, but remembered having heard that he had made a fortune, and had left his son very well off. Young Lupus's anxiety to make my acquaintance I could easily account for; his ambition soared above his kind, and no doubt he imagined I could give him a lift in the social scale, or at any rate render more secure the footing he had already gained. Do what I would, he stuck to me all the day, and there was no shaking him off. I believe he really took a fancy to me, for thenceforth I found it impossible to get rid of him. He used to come to my rooms at all hours of the day, and night too, with an assumption of familiarity and good-fellowship which bored and disgusted me beyond measure."

"But why, in the name of all the martyrs, did you let him bore you so!" I interrupted with considerable amazement.

"Well, you see," said he, looking disconcerted, "you see, the fellow really liked me after his fashion, and it was less trouble on the whole to endure him than to quarrel with him; the fellow would have been such a time learning to understand that I didn't desire his company, that I concluded to let him be.

"Well, things had gone on like this since we both returned the city, and when town was beginning to empty, I went down to stay with the Evelyns. Rejoicing as I did in the expectation of getting rid of my tormentor, my countenance fell considerably, as you may conceive, when, on hearing my intentions, he exclaimed, 'By Jove, I've friends in that part of the country too! However, I brightened up again when he proceeded to remark, 'But I'm going north, unfortunately, so I'm sorry to say we shan't meet—deuced sorry.'

"I wasn't sorry, but I didn't tell him so, as I hate to wound people's feelings. We parted; he went north, and I west. It was uncommonly jolly at the Evelyns; they are a very nice set, and some Welsh girls were staying there, who prepossessed me very much. I had been there about a week, when one morning at breakfast some one remarked, 'To-day Madgie Tudor comes.'

"'And who's Madgie Tudor!' I inquired, whereupon the whole pack opened upon me at once, describing all Madgie Tudor's acquirements, abilities, charms mental and physical, and ending by some one pronouncing her to be 'the sweetest and most perfect darling of an angel that ever existed.'

"You may imagine I was rather impatient to behold this wonderful being. It was a wet day, and most of us were lounging disconsolately in the morning room, lamenting over the damper put upon our out-of-doors plans by the weather, when the door opened and a quiet figure, dressed in something dark—purple, I think—entered, and looked round as if seeking familiar faces. For a minute no one noticed her, and then, by the sudden rush towards her of all the girls and the rapturous 'Oh, Madgie!' 'darling duck!' 'sweet pet!' &c., and the amount of kissing that ensued, I knew this must be Miss Madgie Tudor. A few minutes after I was introduced to her, and my first feeling was one of disappointment. I had expected some marvellous beauty, and at first sight thought Miss Tudor rather insignificant looking; but Bertie, old fellow, I soon changed my mind. Before she had been three days in the house I got to know that there could be nothing on earth half so sweet as her heavenly, dark gray eyes, so calm, so tender; and yet they could laugh like no others I ever saw. And then her lovely head and masses of golden brown hair, and her sweet little ways! She was full of fun, too, and kept the whole house alive—she's just the dearest girl. Well, I fell in love with her, and resolved to ask her to be my wife.

"There was a dance on the last night before we all dispersed, and during the evening Miss Tudor and I found ourselves alone in the conservatory. We had been talking and laughing, but suddenly she seemed to get nervous—I suppose because I got confused and stopped talking—and began twisting her fingers in and out of the chain which suspended a locket round her white neck; a trick she had. I felt very queer, and my heart was bumping up against my waistcoat violently, or I felt the longed-for moment had come; I tried to put my thoughts into words, but could find none, and all the time I was mechanically gazing at her locket, and found myself repeating in an idiotic way, 'Seven turquoises, eight pearls; seven turquoises, eight pearls.' At last I summoned up all my courage, and mentally calling myself a great fool, I began to speak.

"I don't know now what I said, or how I said it; I only know that Miss Tudor stood quite silent with a tiny bit of a smile trembling on her lips, and then she raised her hand, and put it, with the rose it held, into mine. For one brief instant the golden head rested on my shoulder, and the sweet lips were mine, and then she was gone like a sprite, and I was alone, dreaming over the rose she had given me.

"Late that night I received a telegram, recalling me instantly home; and, leaving a hurried note for my darling, I left by the first train. When I arrived, I was met by my servant, who told me that my brother—that's Charlie, you know—was lying dangerously ill at my rooms. You know how dear my brother is to me—you can understand what I felt. For the moment even Madgie—my Madgie, as I had even then begun to call her—was forgotten; but only for a moment. As soon as I could think calmly at all I wrote to her. Her sweet letters brightened the gloom of the sick room, to which I was for several weeks almost constantly confined, for Charlie's state was too critical to allow of my leaving him; and at times I have almost heard her voice, when reading the tender words she wrote me, as my betrothed wife.

"At last Charlie's illness took a favorable turn, and I was able to leave him for an hour or two daily. I used to take long walks—they never seemed long, though, for Madgie's face was always before me and her image ever present, wherever I went.

"One day, towards the end of November, I was taking my usual constitutional in rather a depressed frame of mind, for a week had elapsed without my receiving a letter from Madgie, and I was beginning to get anxious, when I ran against Littleby Lupus, close to his own door. He pounced upon me at once, and dragged me up to his rooms, where I had to submit to having my hand nearly shaken off, with sundry other manifestations of his delight at seeing me again. He was smarter and more of a snob than ever, I thought; and I inwardly consigned him to very warm quarters for breaking in upon my meditations about my darling.

"As usual, before long out came his jewel case, and he displayed with pride several new acquisitions. All of a sudden the scene in the conservatory of the Evylyns rushed upon my recollection with a vividness that startled me, and I found myself repeating, 'Seven turquoises eight pearls.' I was staring hard at a locket, lying in a corner by itself. It was—no, it could not be—it must be an accidental resemblance—no—there was the dark spot on the pattern interlaced. I could not believe my eyes. How came Madgie Tudor's locket in the possession of Littleby Lupus?

"'Lupus,' said I, suddenly, 'where did you get that locket!'

"Lupus coughed, stammered, and said mincingly, 'Well, my dear fellow, I think you will guess where I got it when I show you the inside; but you must—ahem!—promise not to ask any more questions, or say anything about it anywhere—as—ahem! we wish to—to—(the fellow actually blushed) to keep it dark a little longer; there's some—one—confounded other fellow, I believe, who——'

"'Let me see it,' I said, sternly; but the fellow was too wrapt up in himself to notice my tone. Smirking like an idiot, the wretch opened the locket, and there—yes, there was my Madgie's portrait!

"By a powerful effort I mastered my emotion, and wishing Lupus good day quite coolly, I dashed away on pretence of a remembered appointment.

"My first impulse was to see her and accuse her—crush her with the weight of my contempt and indignation; and I obeyed it. I left the railway station and passed through the darkening streets of the little county town near Tynywtra, for I was too heartsick to remain in any one place, and gazed listlessly into the shop windows, trying to pass the time away before the arrival of the up train. I was looking in mechanically at the one large bookseller's window, when suddenly my heart almost stopped beating and I stamped savagely on the pavement. I saw her inside, her purple velvet dress, her costly furs, her dainty hat—how the purple shadows melted on her golden hair! At last she turned full towards a lamp on the counter, and then I saw what made me rush from the window like a man pursued by Furies; suspended round her neck, and resting on her bosom, was a locket—a gold locket, with L. L., large initials in blue enamel, on it. I had seen it scores of times hanging to Littleby Lupus's watch-chain; and now I had no doubt—could have none—of Madgie's treachery.

"How I reached home I don't know. I only know that I wrote a cold, stern, and decisive letter to Madgie Tudor, bidding her an eternal farewell, and leaving the rest to her conscience, concluding with a wish that she might be happy with the object of her choice; the whole composition giving about as much idea of the passions seething and scorching in my heart as a glacier would of the interior of Vesuvius.

This seemed to end all for the present. But every way I took to amuse and interest myself, I found futile. One day I was musingly pondering over some 'Personals' in an old paper, when one item almost made me leap from my chair. It ran thus:

"'A large gold locket with initials L. L. in blue enamel: would be glad to take other jewelry in exchange.—Wolf.'

"For the moment, my thoughts were indescribably elastic and confused; then the heavy clouds, as it were, rolled away from my understanding, and the whole affair became clear to me. Who could 'Wolf' be but Lupus!

"Another moment and I was walking like a madman to the station. As I had expected, I just caught the up train. On my arrival in town I ascertained Lupus's address from his club, and drove straight thither. I rang and asked if he was home; the man who answered the bell stood staring stupidly at my excited manner; I overturned him and rushed into the sitting room. Lupus was smoking, and reading a French novel.

"'Lupus,' I said, trembling all over with excitement, 'Lupus, tell me the real, honest truth; where did you get that locket with the—the girl's portrait!—a locket with a turquoise and pearl horseshoe! Answer me directly, you cur,' I screamed, in a burst of fury, 'or I'll shake you to atoms.'

"I had no business to get into such a rage, but I had been over-wrought. I gripped him by the collar, and gave him a little premonitory shiver.

"'Oh, don't, don't, and I'll tell you all about it; I will, indeed,' said the wretch, trembling.

"'Speak then at once!' I roared, shaking him again.

"'I—I—wanted some different jewelry,' he replied, almost breathlessly—'and so—oh!—I advertised about my—my locket with L. L. on it, and—oh, don't—I got a letter from a girl who signed herself White Rose, and said she wanted an L. L., and would send a locket in exchange; and—so she—oh, confound it!—sent that one, and I suppose she for—forgot to take the portrait out, and it was so pretty that I left it in; and I told you a confounded lie about it. And that's all I know; really, not any more if you were to shake me all night.'

"'You mean puppy!—you little know the harm you've done,' I exclaimed; and, after giving him a last shake, and a fling which sent him into the furthest corner of the room, I left him.

"I wrote off at once to Mrs. Evelyn, and told her, as I knew her to be a sweet, good woman, and a warm friend of mine, all about it, and begged her to ask Madgie to her home, and use her influence in my behalf. She did ask her, and used her influence so well, that in a week I was asked too.

"It was all as I had thought—my darling Madgie had not been able to resist the temptation of wearing a locket with my initials on it—so she told me, and she had quite forgotten having put one of her own photos into the horseshoe locket to fill it up. And next week, Bertie, old boy, we are to be married!" he concluded, with a joyous burst of laughter.

"And may Heaven bless you, Lancelot, and your wife Madgie!" I returned, warmly.

Prince Wilhelm and Prince Victoria ate their wedding supper under the splendid chandelier of rock crystal which hung above Luther at the Diet of Worms. The late King of Prussia bought it for $20,000.

LIGHTS IN NATURE.

IN MEXICO, some miners, while in a cave, noticed a number of strange bright spots. One of the men struck at one of the glowing spots, and knocked it down. Carefully taking up the object, that still glowed but gave out no heat, they felt their way into the air, only to find that they carried an insignificant toadstool, a fungus that lost its glow in the daylight. The subterranean plant for such it was, is generally found in mines, and is allied to the edible mushroom.

Many of our native flowers, especially the yellow and bright tinted ones, such as the sunflower, marigold, etc., have often been observed giving out minute flashes of light soon after sunset, while the exhibition given at times by the oriental poppy is extremely wonderful. Poke weed, at certain times, gleams with a rich greenish tint, and explains some of the mysterious lights that are often seen by the believers in ghosts.

A Brazilian plant, the cipo, makes a wonderful display of pyrotechnics. When it is bruised or cut it gives out a milky fluid that at night blazes with light for many hours after. Certain tribes in the interior use it in some of their rites. A certain number of captives taken in battle are decapitated and their heads tanned by a secret process that leaves them like polished leather. The eyes are replaced by pearly teeth, bending outward, while the mouth is also ornamented in a similar manner, giving the head a most ferocious appearance. The long black hair is allowed to hang loose, and the flesh around the neck is carefully drawn together, forming a socket. Into this is inserted the end of a long pole. The head is then decorated with fantastic tassels of various kinds, and a string attached to the chin. At nightfall the whole is set off with the luminous milk of the cipo. The pole is raised and planted, and the head kept moving by the wind and a liberal use of the string. Its ghostly appearance, glowing with a reddish light, would undoubtedly frighten the evil spirits, if there were any, as that is the purpose.

All who frequent the seashore are familiar with the fiery appearance of the sea at certain times. Innumerable animals are contributing their vital forces to create the display, and in the warmer climes the water seems a mass of living flame. Every inch of its surface is alive with minute jelly like creatures that, according to some writers, possess a peculiar secretion in glands for this purpose. The waves beat against the rocks on summer nights, splashing into the caverns and leaving them dripping with dazzling, scintillating drops of fire. As the rollers come in, their tips seem to ignite spontaneously. Now running along the crest, the light deepens, growing as the wave comes on, and finally seems to burst its watery bands, hurling itself on the shore in a shining mass of molten silver.

One of the most remarkable instances of phosphorescent light appearing on living creatures is found among the herons. Among the keys and the extreme end of Florida these birds are found in countless numbers. Mullet fishermen and sportsmen have often noticed peculiar dim lights standing motionless over the water among the mangrove thickets. They were discovered, however, to depend on the presence of the birds. When they were approached in the dark, the flapping of wings as a crane flew away would be the last of the lights. On the breast is found a spot about as large as the open palm, where the feathers are covered with a thick, yellow powder, that is easily shaken off, and evidently exudes from the body at this spot as a secretion, drying into a powder when exposed to the air. The bird stands motionless in the water, and the spot is undoubtedly used for, or accomplishes the end of, attracting the smaller fishes within reach of the bird; and, if it is a decoy, it is a most remarkable provision of nature.

Many fishes are ornamented with rows of fiery spots that gleam and sparkle as they rush through the water. The so called fireflies of tropical countries afford interesting examples of this wonderful faculty. It has been observed that the lights when abdominal, as in our firefly, are involuntary, while in those insects that show thoracic gleams its appearance seems subject to the will of the animal. An interesting case of the latter is seen in the pyrophorus of the West Indies, a beetle two inches long. The light issues from two oval spots on each side of the thorax, or fore part of the body, and when at rest the spot gleams with a rich yellow glow, but when in the air assumes a dark red appearance, and with thousands of them flying through the air the sight is extremely beautiful. In the case of one, the light was so powerful that it cast a shadow on the wall at a short distance, and when placed on a book and irritated, it could be read from the light, although, of course, disconnectedly. A dozen confined in a glass would give ample light for reading. Ladies use them as decorations for the hair in southern countries, the bright gleams of red, blue, and yellow being exceedingly effective.

How to produce a telling effect—communicate a secret to a woman.

THE FLIRT.

BY EVERET CLARK.

She wandered through the pastures green,
  So richly sprinkled with dew;
Her hair was bright as golden light,
  Her eyes were azure blue,
And shyly there the farmer boy
  Revealed his love and woe;
She passed him by
With head held high,
  And coldly answered, "No!"

She wandered to the running stream,
  By wild flowers all begirt;
She saw her beauty in its depths
  And smiled—the pretty flirt!
And there the student told his love.
  Tho' hope was almost dead,
But though she sighed,
She naught replied,—
  She only shook her head.

She wandered to the woodland's shade,
  An old lord he was there, too;
He sought the maiden for his bride,
  And knew, too, how to woo.
And though he feigned love's sad despair,
  Her answer he could guess,
But could not spy
Her triumph high—
  She smiled, and answered, "Yes."

THE LOST WIFE.

BY J. F. SMITH.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—(CONTINUED.)

THE life of a schemer, of a man who has always something to conceal, is rarely a very pleasant one; it is subject to so many fits and changes. Mr. Beacham had made up his mind to pass the season in Paris, had taken very comfortable apartments; he liked the tone of society, the table and amusement, of the French capital, which, no doubt, are admirably suited to a man who has no deeper purpose than to spend his time agreeably, who lives as if life were a jest, and death a pleasant sleep instead of the awaking from a dream.

He was seated at breakfast a day or two after the departure of the Earl and Countess of Rislip for England, when Alfred Charlton was announced. They had met in society, and the sister insisted on the young man's cultivating the acquaintance.

"You are early," observed the father of Lucy, pointing to a seat.

The speaker extended his hand towards the bell rope.

"Don't ring. I have breakfasted," said his visitor. "Really I ought to apologise for making a call at such an indiscreet hour."

Mr. Beacham evidently thought it was rather early.

"But you are so courteous."

The gentleman bowed.

"So indulgent."

"Wants to borrow money."

"That I feel assured of your forgiveness."

"My dear sir, I ought to thank you for the pleasure of your visit," observed Mr. Beacham, whose politeness never under any circumstances abandoned him. "I have been poring over the journals till I am half stupefied. Nothing new."

"Only a few arrivals."

"I have not read the list."

"Amongst others," continued the young gentleman, "a very old friend of my father's, who, as you know, is a martyr to the gout. We wish to introduce him to the club; two members must sign the book for visitors, and if you would only——"

"My dear friend, with the greatest of pleasure," interrupted Mr. Beacham; "only too happy to stand sponsor for any friend of yours or your father. May I ask the name of the gentleman?"

"Certainly. Colonel Mortimer."

"Who?"

"Colonel Mortimer, of the Indian service. He has just returned to Europe after a twenty years' service—is very rich, and, I believe, equally eccentric. But what is the matter?" asked Alfred Charlton; "are you taken ill? shall I ring for assistance?"

A hasty movement of the hand restrained him.

"It is nothing," said the gentleman, recovering himself; "a momentary attack which has passed away. I am subject to them, but I know the remedy.

"That is fortunate."

"I have been foolish in neglecting the premonitory symptoms for some time," continued Mr. Beacham, who had perfectly recovered his serenity and self possession, "and must pay the penalty in two or three days' diet, and seclusion from society."

"Then you will not dine with us today?"

"Impossible."

"I am sorry for that; I know it will be a disappointment to my father, who anticipated the pleasure of introducing you to the colonel."

Mr. Beacham expressed himself equally disappointed, and his visitor withdrew.

No sooner had he taken his departure than the polished man of the world rang the bell, and directed his servant to refuse him to all who called.

"Mortimer in Europe," he muttered as the man withdrew. "What devil has dealt that card against me? the only one in the pack that could rob me of all game I have hitherto so successfully played. I must not meet him. I know his principles too well—no compromise with such an obstinate character. Lucy was right" he added musingly. "The most important actions of our lives sooner or later are certain to be brought to the light"

That same evening he took his departure from Paris, much to his regret. Before starting he wrote a note to Colonel Charlton, stating that family affairs had called him suddenly to England, and expressing great regret that he could not have the pleasure of meeting his friend.

Knowing the position of his daughter, it created no surprise. It was only natural that he should return home to look after her interests.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

LORD AND LADY RISLIP had not been many days at the Priory, before Madame von Pishert, nee Creech, made her appearance. Lucy had written to her as they passed through London informing her of her illness, but not a word as to the cause, and the kind hearted, but eccentric woman had hastened down to see her. From the tone of the letter—so different from the high spirit in which the writer generally wrote—she deemed that something wrong had occurred, but was little prepared for the sad change in her. Most considerately, she left the Herr at home.

"Lucy, my dear," she exclaimed, as soon as the first salutation was over, "you have been a great sufferer. Why did you not send for me?"

"I had every attention," replied the poor victim.

"Every attention," repeated madame. "Are you quite sure? Was there nothing wanting?"

"Nothing that money could procure."

"I understand you. Everything except the watchful care of affection. Oh, those men, those men."

It was extraordinary how justly at times the speaker jumped to conclusions.

"But tell me all about it," she continued. "If neither advice nor experience can avail, you will at least find consolation in sympathy."

Lucy commenced the narrative of her married life from the day she quitted Schwineberg a bride, described the journey through Egypt and Syria, lingering over the period of happiness, loath to approach the event which ended her day-dream.

"And all this time Rislip was kind to you?" said Madame Pishert.

"Most kind. It was at Paris."

"Ah! I understand, my love. Like them all—constant only in the absence in temptation. I have a very unpleasant recollection of Paris myself. You know how weak Pishert is; but there, I will say no more! I believe I have cured him of that weakness," she added, in a tone of matronly confidence. "He soon found that he had not a child to play with."

"My misery," observed Lucy with a faint smile, "arose from no such cause as you imagine. I was most happy till I met my father."

"Mr. Beacham is a most selfish, disagreeable person. But how?"

"You shall hear. At the first meeting with my husband, surprise wrung a terrible secret from his lips. 'Wretched girl,' he said, 'you have married your sister's husband!'"

"At any rate, my dear, it was your dead sister's husband," her cousin observed, when she had recovered from her surprise.

"True. But there is a law."

"Of man's making, not of God's," interrupted Madame von Pishert. "I always felt very strongly upon the subject, and wrote against it in my Rights of Women, as you may recollect. Surely this has not caused your unhappiness. In the sight of Heaven, in the judgment of every well-regulated mind, you are a wife."

"Yes, I feel sure of that."

"Did Rislip know it at the time?"

"He did, and there is my misery. He deceived me. The idol I have worshiped has proved itself of clay."

"As most idols eventually do," observed her relative sententiously. "Pishert is of clay, too. Not that I ever made an idol of him. But, then, he has one good quality," she added with a smile, "which I fear Rislip has not."

"Indeed."

"He is exceedingly plastic. I can mould him as I please."

Had Madame Pishert, nee Creech, not taken the precaution of settling every shilling of her fortune so securely upon herself that her husband could not draw one penny of it, she might possibly have found the Herr a different character.

Like all proud men, Lord Rislip found himself exceedingly shy at first in the presence of one who knew that he had committed a most unworthy action; but for once the advocate of woman's rights acted with a degree of prudence most unusual. Whatever her real opinion of his conduct, she restrained herself from expressing it, and spoke of the discovery of the legal objection to his marriage as a misfortune.

And so it would have been, had not his wilful deception made it a crime.

"First, I intend to move for the repeal of the obnoxious law in the House of Lords. There is already, I find, a strong party in favor of such a step."

Unfortunately, there was a strong party against it.

Madame von Pishert listened to him, and mentally decided that he would neither part with his estates nor renounce his country, but kept the conclusion to herself. She was clear sighted enough to read his lordship's character much better than he could read it himself.

It would be difficult to describe the feelings of Tom Brierly when his uncle first called his attention to one of these paragraphs, which were no longer obscurely worded, but the names given in full.

"Lord Rislip must be a great villain," exclaimed the young man indignantly.

"That does not follow," said the old lawyer.

"You do not know her. Lucy would never have accepted such a position."

"You forget she loved him," observed his relative, who had long since penetrated the secret of his feelings towards the sister of his friend, "and women when they love are capable of far greater sacrifices than men."

"Of fortune—station—worldly advantages I grant you, but not of honor."

"You think she has been deceived then?"

"I am certain of it. Lucy could never have suspected Lord Rislip and the husband of her dead sister were the same person. Recollect she was a mere child at the time of her marriage. They went to reside abroad, and all trace became lost of them."

"You should have been at the bar, Tom," observed his uncle.

"But he—the earl must have known it," replied the nephew. "and basely took advantage of the change in his name and title to win her. Would Frank were here."

"He could do nothing."

"At least he could protect her."

"We have no reason to believe that Lady Rislip needs protection," said Mr. Quarl. "It is just one of those cases in which opinions are evenly balanced. One half of the world will applaud her for setting the law at defiance, and satisfied with the moral, care but little for the legal one."

"And you, sir, which view do you take?"

"I consider the law unwise—unjust," replied the old man. "There is no scriptural objection or prohibition against such marriages. They are merely a matter of Church discipline."

"And yet how the clergy cling to the law. If I recollect right, only two bishops voted against it."

"The love of power, Tom; the love of power."

A few days after the above conversation, Tom Brierly received a note from Lucy, asking him if he knew her brother's address, and expressing the strong disappointment she felt at not having seen him and his wife on her return to England.

His first impulse was to go down to the Priory and explain the cause of his friend's absence, but reflection induced him to refuse it.

"I dare not trust myself," he muttered; "I dare not trust myself. Should I meet her husband, I must either express my opinion of his unworthy conduct, or suffer my indignation to choke me. I am no hypocrite."

He contented himself therefore with writing a courteous reply, informing Lucy that the business her brother was engaged in was of so peculiar a nature that all correspondence with him had better pass through his uncle.

"I need not add that he has devoted himself to a cause strictly honorable."

"More mystery," thought Lady Rislip with a sigh; "when will it all end?"

* * * * *

We have arrived at that epoch in our tale when it becomes necessary to pass over a certain portion of time—two years—during which Lord Rislip brought forth his motion in the peers, and, though strongly supported, was defeated.

The project of quitting the country and renouncing his nationality faded from his mind. True, he occasionally spoke of it, and Lucy listened with a sickly smile.

The decision of the house was not the only one interesting to the personages of the drama we are gradually unfolding to our readers. The Estcott peerage, after dragging its weary length through two sessions, terminated in favor of the petitioner, and Clara Berrington was pronounced a peeress in her own right, to the alarm of her husband and intense mortification of her sister-in-law.

During the proceedings the diplomat had done all in his power to delay judgment. The counsel who watched the case in his behalf declared that his client declined to be held responsible for costs in the suit.

This clever move was met by an offer of guarantee against the contingency.

It was next tried what private interest would do, but that equally failed. The House of Peers, especially tenacious in everything concerning its privileges, was not to be influenced like the Foreign Office.

Scarcely had the decision been pronounced when the public were startled by the report of an application to send out a commission to Schwineberg to inquire into the sanity of the newly recognised peeress. The affidavits of Miss Gurtha Brochier, Dr. Bray, and the lawyer were read with avidity. They were cautiously worded, but sufficient appeared to excite intense curiosity upon the subject. It is astonishing how quickly society scents a scandal.

Opinions were greatly divided, and heavy bets waiting to be decided by the chancellor's decision. It was given at last.

His lordship granted the commission, and two barristers of the highest repute were named.

"I cannot understand this," wrote John Berrington to his brother. "Your whole life, since your marriage, has been a mystery to me. If there is anything wrong, I expect Elizabeth has something to do with it. My wife was perfectly right," he added, "in refusing to take possession of my home till she had quitted it. You know me too well to think me capable of making such an accusation lightly. I never stated this before, but I have proofs of her ill-feeling and attempts to make mischief between us."

Deep to her self possession, Elizabeth Berrington could not conceal her confusion when her brother read this portion of the letter to her.

"You hear what he says?" observed the diplomat. "John writes bitterly."

"Because I used every effort to prevent him from lowering his position by marrying the daughter of my father's cashier. You yourself disapproved of it."

"Yes, yes; I can easily understand that."

"His wife never forgave me."

"Women rarely forgive," replied her brother. "Let us speak no more of it. I know the source and motive of the accusation, and that is sufficient. John means well, but is easily deceived."

"Most easily."

"How is this new danger to be met?"

"I can only answer your question by another," replied Elizabeth Berrington. "Should the commission pronounce Clara sane?"

"She will leave me—return to England; employ every means to discover her son, loose him from my guardianship, and defeat my long-cherished scheme of vengeance," replied her brother in a tone of the deepest passion. "Never! never shall the abandoned woman have such a triumph over me."

"Have you anything to fear respecting the boy—*their son*?"

"Nothing—absolutely nothing."

"Let her return to the world then," said his sister coldly. "A worthless wife is no great loss; many would count it a gain."

She did not mean this, but it was suggested to blind her brother to her personal hatred of their victim.

"Is that your honest opinion?"

"Why else should I have given it?"

"You, too, abandon me, Elizabeth. You on whom I so relied—who knows how deeply I have been wronged, how cruelly I have suffered. But I will not permit myself to be proclaimed a condemned withling to the world—endure its scornful laugh, its heartless jests. Clara is Baroness Estcott; rank, and doubtless the wealth of her weak relative will be hers; but she shall never enjoy them. The oath I took in the bitterness of my degradation shall be kept. Vengeance!"

"Edward! Edward! you alarm me by this violence."

"I have sinned for it," added the wretched man, "but I will have it."

"Calm yourself calm yourself."

"Will you assist me?"

"Yes."

"Again I recognise my sister."

"There must be no retreating, Edward," said the artful woman, "once we have entered on the path; no weakness."

The Hon. Edward Berrington replied only by a look.

"The result of the commission will be final?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Never again to be called in question?"

"Never, unless upon fresh evidence."

"That I understand."

"Why do you ask?"

"Because the attempt to restore her to her friends and liberty, which you so much dread, may be the means, judiciously managed, of depriving her of any hope, of placing her helpless as an infant in your power."

"Accomplish that—only that."

"Let the commissioners come," continued his sister calmly; "they shall find her more than insane—a hopeless idiot."

"Idiot!"

"For a time only; but for a time."

"Good," said the deceived and jealous husband; "but it must not be done by means that would seriously impair her intellect. The moment of retribution must

find her with nerves to feel the blow, to writhe in the agony of disappointment and disgrace."

"It shall."

"You have proved yourself indeed a sister," replied the Hon. Edward Berrington; "and the fortune she imagines she has secured for her base-born offspring shall be yours, Elizabeth—yours."

"I shall not receive it unless as a proof of your confidence and affection," replied the artful woman, with difficulty repressing her satisfaction at the promise.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE arrival of Frank and his wife created quite a sensation amongst the English community at Schwineberg. It was something to talk about, to break the monotony of their existence. The Hastings family felt slightly annoyed at persons, whom no one seemed to know, coming amongst them bearing the same name. Mother and daughters started on a round of calls to assure their friends there was no connection between the families; they knew nothing of them, their antecedents and belongings.

Some laughed at their susceptibility on the occasion, especially the Ogilvie girls, who had never been perfectly reconciled; others listened to the disclaimer with mortifying indifference.

"My dear madam," cried the Reverend Mr. Ward, "what can it signify whether they are related to you or not, seeing it can neither add to nor detract from your respectability."

"Perhaps not; still it is awkward, unpleasant."

"Can't see it," replied the chaplain.

"The same name."

"Have you met them?"

"No. They have not called upon us."

"I have seen them," observed the chaplain, "and they appear perfectly well-bred and unexceptionable. I was much struck by the voice of the lady when she joined in the choral part of the service on Sunday."

"Oh, Mr. Ward," exclaimed Maud—"voice! Too thin; no volume."

"No cultivation," added her sister.

"Probably, my loves," chimed in the mother, "she has not had the advantages bestowed upon you. Your musical education cost your dear father a fortune. And have you called?"

This was addressed to Mrs. Ward.

"Of course I have," replied the lady. "It was my duty."

"And do you intend to receive them?"

"Most certainly I do."

"We shall not," observed Mrs. Hastings with great dignity, "unless they are acknowledged by the Berringtons. If his excellency invites them, there is nothing more to be said."

"The Ogilvies are of the same opinion," observed Maud.

"And so is Miss Winton," added her sister.

"All I can say is, ladies," replied the chaplain, "is that you have come to a very absurd conclusion, and that the loss will be more yours than theirs. As far as outward appearances are concerned they are perfectly respectable. I can vouch for their being intelligent and well educated. Schwartz, the banker—you see I have made some inquiries—told me their means were ample, and that their correspondent in London recommended them highly."

"Bankers, and such people," observed the head of the Hastings family, "are ready to recommend anyone who has money; but money is not birth."

"Something much more valuable," observed the reverend gentleman, laughing.

"Neither is it respectability."

"That I grant you, but why suppose evil where in all probability it does not exist. Christian charity should teach us otherwise."

"Oh, yes, of course; quite right for you to think so."

An additional visitor in the person of Miss Winton was announced.

"Oh, my dears," exclaimed the old maid, who really was of very excellent family, first cousin to an earl, "such a dreadful mistake."

"Mistake!"

"I have just called upon your namesake."

The Hastings ladies regarded her reproachfully.

"Who should I find with them but the Countess Calredo, the wife of the Austrian minister, and Miss Berrington. It appears they have brought first class introductions, diplomatic and private; letters from the Foreign Office, the corps diplomatique in London. Percy Murray knows them; Charles Hurbert knows them; in fact, everybody who is anybody are making their acquaintance."

"I am so glad," said Mrs. Ward.

"Are you, my dear. Why?"

"Because I felt pleased with Mrs. Hastings, there was something so genial yet so modest in her manners. I am only a poor clergyman's wife, and she received me as courteously as if I had been a duchess."

"It appears they are of a most distinguished family," added Miss Winton. "At least, so Percy Murray assured me."

The Hastings looked exceedingly annoyed.

"I wonder if they really are related to us," exclaimed the mother, in the tone of a person suddenly recollecting herself. "Did you never hear your father speak of a cousin who held some important post in India?"

"Of course I have," replied Maud.

"If it should be?"

"I know he left a family," added the younger sister.

"Since they are respectable," said Mrs. Hastings, "it is only fitting we should call, whether related to us or not. It would appear so very strange if we alone, of all the English residents, refused to receive them."

With this observation the lady hastened away, followed by her daughters.

"Gone home to put on their last new bonnets and change their shawls," observed Miss Winton, who was notorious for good natured remarks upon her absent friends.

The introductions which had so completely settled the status of the new comers in the minds of the English residents, were procured by Miss Gertha Bouchier through her aristocratic connections in order to disarm the suspicions of the Berringtons, who little imagined the bearer of a letter from the Foreign Office was neither more nor less than a secret protector to watch over Clara.

"Amazing," observed the Hon. Edward, when he read it. "I wish his lordship would keep his friends in England. We must invite them to dinner."

"It would appear strange to neglect them," said Elizabeth, who had frequently regretted his persistence in secluding himself from society.

Her brother shrugged his shoulders.

"Besides, it is so long since you received, that it began to look odd. Our countrymen talk."

"I care not for their babbling."

Neither did Miss Berrington, but she had a passion for society.

"Leave the arrangements with me," she added.

"As you will; but recollect Percy Murray must be invited."

"You know how I dislike him; but as you will."

"I was weak, Elizabeth," said the diplomat, "in suffering myself to be influenced by your prejudices. What was it to me that Murray, during my absence, felt a childish pride in his ephemeral position. In three years I never experienced half the annoyance his successor has inflicted on me in as many months."

"Charles Hurbert is a puppy," observed the lady spitefully. "I wish you could procure his recall."

"He is the nephew of the minister," replied her brother, "and possesses an influence greater far than mine. I am rightly punished for listening to you."

"A reproach?"

"No; a warning for the future."

The party proved a dull affair, but it had the advantage of introducing Frank and his wife to the elite of society in Schwineberg. From that evening their position became unquestioned; everyone regarded them as an acquisition. Lizzy, as our readers are aware, sang divinely, and her husband possessed an admirable talent for sketching.

"You should have been an artist," observed Elizabeth Berrington one morning, after having seen the contents of his portfolio.

"Many thanks."

"Am I not right, Mrs. Hastings?"

"I have frequently told him so," replied his wife. "Had he been poor he would have followed my advice. Half the clever men I have known," she added laughingly, "have been scared by what is generally called a moderate independence."

"Is this yours?" demanded the visitor, holding up a sketch.

It was a view of the Alte Schloss, the prison in which Mr. Paul Lynx, the clever detective, had now passed two years.

"Yes, and great trouble I had to take it," answered the gentleman.

"Trouble?"

"The surly old governor, when he saw me taking it, came to me in a tremendous passion, and threatened to put me under arrest."

"What nonsense," said Miss Berrington.

"So I told him," continued Frank, "in as good German as I could muster. I really believe the old fool took me for a spy. Fortunately my wife, who speaks the language perfectly, came to my rescue, and informed him that I was an Englishman. That somewhat mollified him, and he allowed me to finish it. But no entreaty would induce him to admit me within the walls."

"And do you really wish to sketch the interior?" she said.

"I did, but care very little about it now."

"That is quite true, Frank," observed his wife, who perfectly understood the motive of his affected indifference; "besides, I should like to have the companion picture."

"You shall, then," said their visitor.

"Indeed."

"I will myself accompany you there. Bonheim, the governor, will not refuse any request of mine. Why are you amused?"

"At the name," replied Frank. "Bonheim. It ought to have been Jackass. I am sure he conducted himself as one. And do you really possess the power of taming this barbarian?"

The lady nodded in the affirmative.

"Then I accept."

"You must postpone it for a week or two," observed Miss Berrington. "You are doubtless aware of the sad misfortune of my sister-in-law."

The young couple looked serious.

"Insane—hopelessly insane," continued the speaker. "We endeavored to keep this great misfortune a secret; but that is no longer possible.

Mrs. Hastings observed that she had heard it whispered in society.

"He appears a very kind person," said Lizzy.

"Kind is not the word," answered the sister-in-law; "it was deep passionate affection. Never shall I forget his sufferings when the dreadful malady first declared itself. I thought it must have broken his heart. Many a tear has it cost me to watch the fruitless efforts to conceal the truth from himself, till the conviction became too strong."

"Has Mrs. Berrington's malady taken a violent form?" inquired Frank.

"Worse," said the persecutor, lowering her voice to a whisper—"idiocy."

Lizzy and her husband both looked and felt exceedingly shocked.

"I am very sorry," said the former, "that the subject has been touched upon; but you may rely upon our discretion not to lift the veil which covers so much domestic sorrow."

"You are kind; but the promise is unnecessary."

Her hearers looked surprised.

"The hands of those who call themselves her friends," continued Elizabeth Berrington, "are about to lift it, from no love to the poor sufferer, but to gratify their animosity to my poor brother. They have applied for a commission to examine her state of mind, and the Chancellor has been weak enough to grant it. The members of it will arrive at Schwineberg in a few days," she added.

Her new friends pretended, of course, to be very much surprised at the intelligence, and expressed the deepest sympathy; but whether with the persecutors or the victim we leave our readers to divine.

From the first intimation of the granting of the commission the unnatural husband and his sister had taken their precautions. For a heavy bribe the two learned professors of the university had prepared a drug, which the female keepers mingled in the daily food of their prisoner. It produced no injury to the general health; its action was confined to the brain.

A heavy stupor, a perfect forgetfulness of persons and events, a child like contentment, follows; and she, the once brilliant Clara, was, as her enemy described her, to all outward appearances a hopeless idiot.

All that the jealous husband stipulated was that her reason should not be permanently affected. His revenge would lose half its zest if, when the moment of complexion came, the object of his hatred should be incapable of feeling her misery.

It will be asked, perhaps, is it possible that a drama so hideous, so repulsively cruel in its detail, could be enacted in the nineteenth century. We answer fearlessly, yes, in despite of the watchfulness of the law.

The success of crime is far more perfect than the success of detection.

When the commissioners, Serjeant Steel and Counsellor Murney, arrived, they proceeded, according to instructions, to the residence of the Hon. Edward Berrington, and produced their authority under the great seal.

Dr. Bray accompanied them.

"I cannot say, gentlemen, that your visit affords me pleasure," observed the hypocrite; "it tears aside the veil I would fain keep drawn over a great domestic misfortune, which I am certain you can sympathise with. When will you wish to see Mrs. Berrington?"

"At once," said Dr. Bray hastily; "there must be no time for tampering."

Unhappily as much had already been afforded.

"Be it so. I take no notice of your ungenerous insinuations. To this person," added his excellency, "I am indebted for the outrage on my privacy and feelings, which, amongst men of honor, are held sacred."

At the words "men of honor" the doctor smiled bitterly.

"Men of honor," repeated the speaker. "Fortunately, you are not the judge of my conduct."

"It is fortunate, perhaps," remarked Dr. Bray significantly.

Elizabeth Berrington entered the library where the commissioners had been received. There was no excitement in her manner; her features appeared calm, as of a person whose conscience was at rest.

"Certainly," she said, "I will conduct these gentlemen to my unhappy sister."

Dr. Bray rose to accompany them.

"Is this person," added the lady, "to be present?"

"He is named on the commission."

"The insult, at least, might have been spared us," observed the lady bitterly.

"Silence, Elizabeth," said her brother. "Since the cup of humiliation must be drained, it is quite as well that the hand which mingled the draught should present it."

"Oh, Edward! Edward! your character ought to have shielded you from the slander of such men. It is for your sake I feel so indignant."

"I can endure it. Come gentlemen."

The Hon. Edward Berrington led the way to a suite of rooms at the back part of the extensive residence, looking into the garden; they were more than comfortable, they were luxuriously furnished; and two females, placid respectable looking Germans, received them.

One of them were in the act of arranging fresh flowers in the vases.

In the inner apartment sat the supposed lunatic, to all outward appearance in excellent health. There were no signs of wildness in the eye or manner. The most exquisite propriety was displayed in her toilette.

"I have brought friends to visit you, my dear," said Miss Berrington.

Her victim took no notice.

"They wish to converse with you."

"Lotto, Lotto," murmured the sufferer.

Lotto was the name of a small spaniel, her constant companion, and the only word she remembered since the drug had been administered.

"Surely you have not forgotten me," exclaimed Dr. Bray, in a tone of bitter disappointment and surprise; "your old friend, your father's friend."

Clara regarded him with a vacant stare.

The commissioners approached the lady and addressed a series of questions, but the only word that could be extracted from her was the name of her dog.

"If you have any ill usage, Mrs. Berrington, to complain of speak without fear," said Serjeant Steel; "we have ample power to protect you."

"Speak, Clara, my love," added her sister-in-law, throwing her arms with affected fondness round the form of her victim, who, to the astonishment of Dr. Bray, neither shuddered nor made the slightest effort to repel her caress.

"Would you wish to be alone with us?" demanded Counsellor Murney, the second commissioner. "Shall we direct your husband and his sister to retire?"

The question might as well have been asked of a statue.

The two learned professors were announced. To use a theatrical phrase they were both exceedingly well got up for the occasion. As court physicians they wore the Schwineberg order, and really looked exceedingly respectable.

As both the commissioners spoke German, the examination was conducted in that language—to the great astonishment of the Berringtons.

"To what do you attribute the malady of your patient?"

"Softening of the brain."

"It looks like it," murmured Dr. Bray.

"Is she ever violent?"

"Never; at least not in our presence; but you had better consult her attendants; they can give more precise information on the subject."

The answer appeared perfectly fair.

"And do you contemplate the restoration of your patient to reason?"

The learned professors shook their heads.

"Have you ever known such an instance?"

"Not in a case so advanced as this," replied the senior. "Acute mania, violent frenzy, are not so hopeless as the deadly atrophy of the brain."

The two attendants had been well tutored. According to their statement the lady was generally calm as they saw her now, having no interest in anything around her—a patient, sweet, and gentle sufferer.

"And you never use violence?" said Dr. Bray.

"Never!" exclaimed both the women simultaneously, at the same time looking shocked at the supposition. "It is never necessary."

Dr. Bray walked towards the sofa, and seated himself by the side of the patient. He looked in her face, and took her hand in his. It remained listless as that of a corpse.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

There is a house building in Iowa which has a remarkable record of accidents attached to it. The man who built the foundation, the man who furnished the glass, and the man who did the marble work have all died since the work began. The man who dug the well met with a serious injury and the principal carpenter lost a child, while only the other day a workman fell from the roof.

BEFORE THE SPRING.

BY E. I. C.

The wind has blown the last year's leaves
From off the primrose head;
The lilac-shoot its prison cleaves;
The elm-tree tips are red.
And all about, though trees are bare,
And covert none to sing,
The blackbird heralds everywhere
The coming of the spring.
Sing on, sweet, bird, for you have faith
To trust all darkness is not death.

The spring has signs to show her nigh,
And bid the world prepare;
Has joy no herald, or must I
Look for no future fair?
My heart seems barren as a world
Where spring comes nevermore;
No leaf shows from its sheath uncurled;
Nor birds their raptures pour.
Yet, faithless heart, believing be—
The spring must come again for thee.

Our Neighbors.

BY J. S. ELKINS

I AM a young clerk in a wholesale, downtown store, on a rising salary. I live out in the suburb, renting a snug little house, for which I pay the unnaturally moderate sum of two hundred dollars yearly. I have a wife and baby, with both of which acquisitions I am perfectly well satisfied. Our servant girl is less stupid and impracticable than I naturally expected; hence you may suppose that I am a happy man. It's not so. I'll tell you why.

I am fond of gardening, of birds, and of animals. I am a "handy man" and great at extemporising accommodations for the latter. Our house has a bit of a garden in front, and a pretty, spacious and very improvable one in the rear. I therefore found scope for the gratification of my tastes, laid in a stock of poultry, some pigeons, guinea pigs, rabbits, a Newfoundland dog, constructed a species of aviary for the former, and sundry cages, hutches, and a kennel for the latter. My wife liked the house, after she had superintended the whitewashing. Altogether we were getting on famously, when we began to contract acquaintances with the neighbors. That is all very well. We do not object to cultivating the amenities of life. But there are things attendant on these little intimacies which we do object to, and very strenuously.

My neighbors are too friendly. One of the most characteristic manifestations of this occurred almost immediately upon my taking possession. My next door neighbor, Pry, was good enough to go over the house, and seeing that we had a cistern in the rear, to remark, that as we were a small family, we shouldn't want much water, and that he should avail himself of it occasionally. I did not repel the suggestion with the strength of mind required, consequently, three days subsequent, his domestic, a large woman with red hair, was occupied during an entire forenoon in carrying pails of water through and making puddles of water in our passage. She preferred that mode of entrance and egress to the alley-way, in order to enjoy the conversation of our Bridget, who very nearly dropped baby into the cistern while engrossed in the sweets of intellectual communion. Besides which, the large woman introduced a boy—also redheaded, and shoeless—to assist her proceedings. And he pelted the pigeons, tried to feed the fowls with gravel, and made himself exceedingly sick by eating all the unripe tomatoes he could discover on our vines.

Pry said he was very sorry for it, and that it shouldn't happen again—in proof of which contrition, he came over and smoked my tobacco and drank my particular choice rum till eleven. This, however, didn't prevent his wife sending for our carving-knife and fork next morning. We never saw that carving-knife and fork for full three weeks, when, on sending for it, it was returned in a rather huffy manner and in a by no means first class condition.

Indeed, as our acquaintances increased, so did our liability to loans. Small girls penetrated our basement during breakfast, with requests for cupfuls of flour, or brown sugar, and so on. It was not an uncommon thing for my wife to be called away from administering refreshment to our beloved contribution to the census, in order to reply to a demand for our only rocking-chair. I have myself been knocked up at midnight for a bootjack. The messenger, in this particular instance stated that her master had on a pair of new boots, which he couldn't get off, and which his wife wouldn't let him go to bed in, as he had an unlucky habit of kicking.

Nor was this all. The extreme friendliness of our neighbors manifested itself in a warm interest in all our proceedings. In pursuance of this, our servant was subjected to such severe cross examinations that she contradicted herself and lied to an extent fearful to think of, which created a general impression that we were artful people, who had tutored her to systematic deception. One old lady, Mrs. Bupps, three doors to the right of the Peeps, next but one from the corner, resented this so highly that she sent us tracts with vindictive titles, accompanied by her compliments, and would we read, keep them clean, and return them.

Of primitive construction, our tenement has no knocker or bell, hence visitors have to pound with their fists or sticks or to enter unannounced. Pry, and the majority of our neighbors, adopted the latter course. I have, on more than one occasion, discovered him in the passage or back parlor, having previously no suspicion of his approach. This I consider inconvenient. We might have been talking of him, or of his wife.

That lady has got up a sort of antagonism or jealousy toward us. She still borrows small articles, but has compelled Pry to purchase a baby's carriage, instead of sending for ours, as before the little affair of the knife and fork she invariably did. She asserts, too, that her baby is as good as ours; when it can't weigh more than fifteen ounces and hasn't a particle of hair on its head. My wife declares she must be crazy.

I may mention another incident in connection with this subject of our hospitable openness to intrusion. Going one morning before breakfast into my garden to perform my customary hour's labor, I found my landlord there. He had dug up all the young ailanthus trees. Upon my remonstrating he said that he didn't like 'em, and thought that I should have been obliged to him. He appeared, however, so truly sorry that I hadn't the heart to persevere in my objections, and said, "Never mind."

I have purposely reserved the crowning inconvenience to which my unassuming family is subjected by this very friendly neighborhood. They borrow our baby. They will do it. And they quarrel over the blessed innocent if one has him for a longer time than another! My wife declares that she will not endure it any longer. Before emigrating to Coney Island, securing lodgings at the North Pole, or relapsing into boarding, I have resolved to make an effort, and for this reason write my story. My friendly neighbors will be sure to see it, for they always borrow my copy of the paper. Perhaps I may do some good.

ÆSTHETIC DIOTS.—The æsthetical craze in England is increasing in intensity. At a recent reunion of the "cult," who believe in the superiority of art to nature, a member, animadverting upon the absence of many of the invited, said: "If they could only see us together, reflecting and refracting for each other the darkened rays of the deep mystery of existence, then they could understand us. The indignation which we all feel about the despicable attacks that are being made upon those quite too precious things for which we live will act as heat upon exotics, and bring out all the poetic perfume of such souls as ours." The room of meeting was high walled with a dado in brick red, picked out with pale pink. The rest was peacock blue. The sallow wanness of the women's faces and their angular contours were thrown out by these colors in vivid and unpleasant relief. There was a general uplifting of chins, drooping of hands and eyes, and befrowsiement of heads of scanty hair, as if they had cultivated a pitiful leanness of outline and general cadaverousness. Most of the men were in good bodily condition though nearly all were round shouldered, hollow chested, and flat footed. Their long hair drooped over their low foreheads, and in some cases seemed to interfere with the wearer's vision. A young man with no voice to speak of sang a solo that ended in a sort of wail. There was much enthusiasm thereat. "So much soul and such subtle expression," said one young woman as she advanced toward him. Another, with laburnum in her hair, called the song starlike. The singer received the encomiums of his friends with absolute humility, and then handed about a slip upon which the words of his refrain were printed. A young man with rouge and burnt umber on his face now seated himself at the piano, and, while playing a mournful air, regarded with haggard look a blue vase containing a sunflower. This moved many of the young women to tears. He was followed by another young man with the expression of a dog with a tin pan tied to his tail, who said that the club could not expect the community in general to appreciate the divine beauty of sadness, the utter precious loveliness of decay and death, and the fair divinity of disease and suffering. These, he said, were only the subtly delectable things for which we live. We should find a deep delight in sepulchral gloom and a joy in sadness the grosser beings around us could never measure. "A primrose is nothing to them but a yellow flower with five petals," he continued. "To us it is a symbol of what art, our great goddess, might make it of what cultchah, with her divinely precious powers, could do with it, were but the realms of nature placed under its control."

An old man was seen to fall in a fainting fit while at work in a Carson City mill. A letter in his hand had caused the attack. It brought the news that his brother, who had for sixteen years been mourned as drowned in a shipwreck, was still alive.

Scientific and Useful.

THE TELEPHONE.—The telephone has been introduced in connection with the scientific explorations of the bed of the Bay of Naples. By its use the diver and the boatmen overhead are able to communicate with each other quickly and intelligibly.

ELECTRIC WATCH.—It is reported that an electric watch has been produced by a clockmaker at Copenhagen. It is especially suitable for persons of irregular habits, for it requires no winding up. The sole attention necessary must be devoted to the battery which accompanies it, and which needs replenishing once in six months.

THE MAGNET.—A young German who was witnessing the shoeing of a horse was struck by a small particle of iron, which penetrated the pupil of his eye and buried itself deep in the body of the organ. In an eye hospital the extraordinary operation of withdrawing the iron by means of a magnet was recently performed with entire success.

WOODEN PIPES.—Wooden pipes are now being used in Switzerland to convey the waters of a warm mineral spring. They are constructed of fir-wood made into staves, and bound together by means of iron hoops. After being carefully tarred both inside and out, they are perfectly water-tight, and possess many advantages over metal piping. They are of course much lighter, and are insensible to changes of temperature, whilst their cost is much less.

NEW FOOT HEELS.—The heels of boots and shoes are now being made of coir—that is, the outside fibre of the cocoa nut. The fibre is incorporated with some glutinous cement under heavy pressure, and is afterwards stamped into form. The resulting substance is said to be a fair substitute for leather, and to be highly resistant to moisture and other causes of wear and tear. The utilisation of such a cheap and readily obtained material is, if reports of its efficiency be true, a most useful and promising discovery.

DIPHTHERIA.—A South African paper gives the following simple remedy for curing that distressing and commonly fatal malady diphtheria. It is vouched for as being efficient in the most obstinate cases, provided that it is applied in time. A spoonful of flowers of sulphur is well stirred in a wineglassful of water. This mixture is used as a gargle, and afterwards swallowed. Brimstone is known to be abhorred by every kind of fungoid growth, and this remedy, it may here be added, has been long known to medical men, and may have something in it.

A FORGERY DETECTIVE.—A scheme has proposed what seems to be a very hopeful plan for rendering a forged check an impossibility. He suggests the application to the paper of a dye which is sensitive to both acids and alkalies, and which will change color on being brought into contact with either one or the other. He would then have the necessary printing executed upon such prepared paper in two operations—in one case using an alkaline, and in the other case an acid, ink. This would render the task of altering the written words or figures an impossible one, for it is a well-known fact that all ink-removers are of an acid or alkaline character. The attempted application of any solution of the kind would at once become apparent, and the forger would be successfully baffled.

Farm and Garden.

CARBOLIC ACID.—A couple of ounces of carbolic acid to three quarts of water sprinkled on the poultry house through the fine rose of a small watering-pot once in three or four weeks will destroy lice and other parasites.

DEODORIZERS.—One of the best deodorizers in stables is ground plaster. It may be sprinkled about the stalls and over the manure heap daily. It will absorb the ammoniacal odors and retain them, thus increasing the value of the dressing.

PREPARING COMPOSTS.—To prepare night soil for use on land mix it thoroughly with any dry absorbant, as powdered charcoal; dry muck, road dust or sifted coal ashes, so that all lumps may be broken fine, and then apply it as any other manure.

WORTH KNOWING.—The simplest method to remove the nail from corn is to make a weak lye from clean wood ashes and soak the corn in it. A farm cart, which with good usage would last almost a lifetime, will last only a few years when exposed to the weather.

SHEEP KILLING DOGS.—A New York correspondent reports that in a trial in his county last winter it was decided that a man had no right to shoot a dog caught killing sheep, but that he might recover damages of the owner. But, he adds, it is often difficult to prove the ownership, and besides, about nine dogs out of every ten belong to persons who possess no property.

WALKS AND ROADS.—The most substantial walks and carriage roads are first excavated to a depth of a foot or more, then small or broken stone placed at the bottom, smaller ones on these, then gravel and tar mixed, coarse sand and tar on this, and usually an inch of fine gravel at the surface. When there is a hard, gravelly subsoil and good natural drainage, less excavation is required.

HINTS FOR GARDENERS.—Provide in season plenty of manure. Let it be thoroughly intermixed with the soil. Arrange for all the horse cultivation practicable. Avoid the common mistake of occupying more ground than you can keep in perfect condition. Have complete natural or artificial drainage. If all these requisites are attended to, your vegetable garden will be found to be the most profitable part of your farm.

HOUSE PLANTS.—Plants in rooms turn not only their leaves but their branches to the window at which the light enters, and a plant may, by turning it at intervals, be made to bend successively to all sides; but such bendings weaken the plant, and thus it is an excessive or an unnatural action. This turning of the plant to the light is always of course in proportion to the brightness of that light as compared with the other sides of the plant. Flowers, too, open their petals to the light, and close them in the dark, or in some cases, as in that of the crocus, when a cloud passes over the sun.

Card collectors please buy seven bars Dobbins' Electric Soap of any grocer and write Cravin & Co., Philad'a, Pa., for seven cards gratis, six colors and gold, Shakspeare's "Seven Ages of Man." Ordinary price, 25 cts.

New Publications.

"Therese Raquin," a novel," by Emile Zola, and translated from the French by John Stirling, is just issued. It is a powerful story of the realistic school, of a murder skilfully planned and skilfully executed. But this is by no means all. The description of the remorse that swiftly followed on the dastardly crime, is given with such power that one shivers at the picture. The haunting presence of the murdered husband, by night and by day, and the climax the natural outgrowth of the crime, could only have been drawn by the master pen of Zola. "Therese Raquin" is printed on tinted paper, and is complete in one volume. T. B. Peterson & Bros., publishers, this city.

"Poems of Many Years and Many Places," by William Gibson. This work is one that will interest. The author has an ear for the music of rhythm, a good taste in words, and much experience in foreign travel. The classics seem to lure him, if one may judge by the frequency of allusion to the gods and muses. "Persephone" is an echo of Theocritus without being a plagiarism; "Sibylla Cumana" testifies not only to a love of classic literature, but knowledge of spots made doubly classic by that literature. "Alf and Alfhilda" is a stirring epic on a small scale. "Castellamare" is a long tale in the spirit of Byron's work. Patriotic verses are not wanting, either. There is the "Cumberland," "Mount Vernon," and "The Admiral." Some of the verses are on religious subjects, and some on the fine arts: and various great painters receive his homage. The book reflects the variety of impressions of travel and the knowledge of modern tongues which a cultivated and industrious traveler is likely to experience and exhibit. Lee & Shepard, publishers, Boston. Price, 1 25.

"Lost in a Great City," by Amanda M. Douglass. This, Miss Douglass' latest story, certainly does not lack in romantic interest, although it is no photograph of real life. The tale is that of a girl who, being lost in early childhood and conveyed into the hands of a trainer for the circus ring, became a rope-walker and stage-dancer. The hardships to which she was exposed and the discipline which she suffered are vividly described, and it is probable that the author writes from the standpoint of some personal observation and study of the subject. It is a good story, perhaps more than a highly exciting one, and cannot fail to improve the heart, even where it does not engross the fancy. Lee & Shepard, publishers, Boston. Price, $1 25.

MAGAZINES.

The Magazine of Art for March opens with a frontispiece picture of Yeames' "Queen Elizabeth Receiving the French Ambassadors after the Massacre of St. Bartholomew." The contents are: "The Winter Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery," with four engravings; "How to Decorate a Room," illustrated; "Grotesque Heads," by M. Legrain, with three engravings; "A Desperate Venture," from the painting by Signor Gaetano Chierici; "Dutch Painters and Wood-cutters" with three illustrations; "Our Living Artists: William Frederick Yeames, R. A.," with portrait and engraving of "Amy Robsart;" "Genius Guarding the Secret of the Tomb," from the Statue in Marble by M. Rene de Saint-Marceaux; "Old Masters at the Royal Academy;" "Treasure Houses of Art: Trentham Hall," with three illustrations; "Bundles of Rue: Lives of Artists Recently Deceased—Alfred Stevens," with three engravings; Art Notes, and other articles of value and interest. Cassell, Petter & Galpin, publishers, New York.

The contents of the April number of Scribner's Monthly are: "Marine Forms for Decoration," by J. C. Beard, richly illustrated by the author; "The Shoppers' Rebellion," the history of co-operative stores; "Co-Operation in Apartment Houses," with plans and suggestions; Mrs. Burnett's bright novelette, "A Fair Barbarian," is concluded; Bishop Doane contributes a paper on "Father Hyacinthe," with a portrait; Ernest Ingersoll writes of "The Calhoun Summer House;" Edward Strahan, of "Greek Terra-Cottas from Tanagra and Elsewhere;" Miss Constance F. Gordon Cumming, of "The Greatest Living Volcano." There are other illustrated papers on "New York Attics and House-Tops," and a personal account of "Running the Rapids of the Upper Hudson." Unillustrated papers on "A Georgia Plantation in 1861, and as 'tis Now;' "Elementary Instruction in the Mechanic Arts;" "A Novel Entertainment from France;" "A Freak of Fate," a short story by Miss Anna Richberg, etc. The Scribner's Monthly Wood-Engraving Prize blocks are published with several of those receiving honorable mention in the recent contest. Scribner & Co., New York.

Lippincott's Magazine for April presents a decidedly varied list of contents. "A Peep at the North of Ireland," by W. George Beard, and "Characteristic Dances of the World," by Amelia E. Barr, are entertainingly written and well illustrated. The first of a short illustrated series of papers on "Zoological Curiosities," by Dr. Felix L. Oswald, treats of mountain sheep. "On a California Ranch," by Louise Coffin Jones, is a capital descriptive sketch; J. Brander Matthews writes of the "Present Tendencies of the French Drama;" Lizzie W. Champney has an anecdotical paper on the American loyalists who, after the Revolution, found new homes in the Provinces of New Brunswick; and Frank D. Y. Carpenter gives a very amusing sketch of "Wash Lo," the typical Chinaman of the present day. A new serial story, with the quaint title of "Craque-o'-Doom," opens well. Of the short stories, "John Henry," by Sydney Chase, is laughable, while in "Sister Wooden's Prayer," by Sherwood Bonner, there is a mixture of humor and pathos. The poems are by Maurice Thompson, Howard Glyndon, and Charlotte Bates, and among the good things in the "Monthly Gossip" is a fine notice of Carlyle.

GOOD MORNING!—Don't forget to say "Good morning!" Say it to your parents, your brothers and sisters, your schoolmates, your teachers—and say it cheerfully and with a smile. It will do you good, and do your friends good. There's a kind of inspiration in every "Good morning" heartily spoken, and that helps to make hope fresher and work lighter. It seems really to make the morning good, and to be a prophecy of a good day to come after it. And if this be true of the "Good morning," it is so also, of kind, heartsome greetings; they cheer the discouraged, rest the tired ones, and somehow make the wheels of life run smoothly. Be liberal with them, and let no morning pass, however dark and gloomy it may be, that you do not help at least to brighten by your smiles and cheerful words. M. S.

The affection of the year-old baby for its maternal ancestor is second only to its ecstatic admiration for the fathomless depths of the kitchen coal-scuttle.

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FRIENDSHIP

Few words better illustrate the elasticity of language than "friend." But whatever the form of the friendship, it has its duties. You owe your friend sympathy in his sorrows and in his joys. You owe him confidence, and the information about yourself which confidence implies. Yet that information is to be given with a certain reserve, so that you do not seem to force your affairs upon him, or to make him responsible for you.

You owe your friend fidelity. What he or she says to you as a friend is to be sacred. Failure here is treachery. It is a breach of implied promise, for in telling you as a friend he counted on your silence as well as sympathy. It is a breach of trust.

Rightly or wrongly, women are blamed for weakness on this point. The consciousness of power is dear to the weaker, and the temptation to display power of influence or knowledge is strong.

And this leads naturally to the dangers of friendship. One may be imposed upon; sympathies may be basely called out; selfishness may plot and scheme under the guise of affection. Here it is that the rich are at once to be pitied and vindicated. "Pitied," for they find so much profession that is not disinterested that they come to distrust it all, and they stand in lonely isolation. "Vindicated," for the cold air and haughty manner are sometimes the only defence they have against the obsequious and designing. Finding men and women cling to them as to a social ladder by which they may climb, or dog their steps that they may pick their brains or their purses, they are driven in a self-defence, the need for which is pitiable, to keep most at a distance and to travel alone through life.

Where the duties of friendship are properly performed, there are no dangers. The instinct of friendship, like other instincts, is to be regulated and controlled. He is not properly a victim to railroads who walks off the platform of a train and has his legs broken. He is a victim of his own folly.

Make as many friendships as you can consistently with imperative duties. Be true in them. So you may gain daily triumphs over native selfishness, and widen the range of your own sympathies.

SANCTUM CHAT.

The eucalyptus tree has been found very effective in banishing malaria from many fever-plagued regions of Southern Italy, Corsica, and Algeria, where the atmosphere before tracts of the trees were planted was pestilential.

—

A redoubtable English cook, the chef of a London club, who is tired of hearing the world say that no one but a Frenchman can prepare a decent meal, has issued a challenge to all the cooks of Paris for an international competition.

—

The new census of Germany shows a total population of 45,194,172, the Empire ranking as the third State in population, Russia and the United States having the first and second places. France stands fourth, and Austro-Hungary holds the fifth place.

—

White lying is pronounced generally sinful by The Methodist, but it adds:—"The puzzle of moralists has been to either justify or entirely condemn a class of such mendacities. For example, what shall we do with the hopeful word of a physician who has no hope?"

—

On a first theatrical night the managers count on their own announcement, the author's name, and the cast. On the second night they count on the people who, instead of buying seats for a first night, bought them for a second night, and also on the criticisms which are made in the newspapers. The third night tells the managers whether or not the piece is to make a hit.

—

The Vice-President of the Western Lumbermen's Exchange estimates that, if the demand for lumber increases proportionately, the forests of the United States will be annihilated in twenty years. The same view is taken by another high authority, which says that "the timber supply of the Northwest is becoming so rapidly exhausted that within the next ten years something like a timber famine may be looked for."

—

We understand that the favorite recreation in the most intellectual as well as fashionable circles of society in London, Paris and Vienna last winter was "twenty questions." It is a game not unknown in this country and one that has the wholesome tendency of making people exercise their wits, of teaching them the value of words in forming questions, and of giving them a fresh realization of how much they don't know. There are apt to be many disputes in the course of the contest, which are settled by appeal to the "judge," an unhappy empire, who suffers immense wear and tear in making up his mind about knotty points, and is rewarded for his pains by being attacked by both parties and driven from the premises—just before the refreshments come in.

—

The wealthy class of Mexicans play on the piano and guitar, write poems and plays, and learn languages. They claim that many of their young authors, whose ages range from eighteen to twenty-five have high reputations, and that if they were only Americans or Europeans their names would resound throughout Christendom. Their language has no word to correspond with our "home," but their "hearthstone" implies that a penitent girl or a prodigal son may always return to it.

—

An old miner who has had fifteen years' experience under ground, says that he has observed one particular fact, that between 12 and 2 o'clock in the night if there is a loose stone or bit of earth in the mine it is sure to fall. Says he:—"About this time it seems that everything begins to stir and immediately after 12, although the mine has been as still as a tomb before, you will hear particles of rock and dirt come tumbling down and if there is a caving piece of ground in the mine it is sure to give way."

—

Lovers of out-door sports will be interested in the announcement of a new feature in horse-racing which is to be introduced by the new Lousiana Jockey Club at their spring meeting, in April. Some of the races are to be run at night, the course being illuminated by electric lamps, forty of which are to be provided for that purpose. It is claimed that this plan will be of great value at turf meetings during the summer, as it will give the horses as well as the jockeys and spectators, the benefit of the cool air of the evening.

—

Statistics show that since 1854 there has been an increase of risk from lightning in various parts of Germany, Austria, and Switzerland, while there is no corresponding increase in the number of thunder-storms. A scientist, who has been investigating this matter, inclines to the belief that the causes for the greater liability of danger from lightning are to be sought in the changes produced of late by man on the surface of the earth; such as the clearing of forests, the increase of railroads, and the great use made of iron in the construction of houses.

—

The trade in the decorations of foreign orders is perfectly organized in Paris, if one may trust a letter which lately came into the possession of the Figaro, and has been published by that journal. This letter appears without a signature, but it was evidently written by one of these decoration merchants to a customer. He mentions among the Orders whose ribbons he is able to procure upon demand the Lion and Sun of Persia, and several others, and the price varies from $500 to $1000. All the Orders named are recognized by the French Government.

—

The imperial family of Germany is quite able to support itself. If the Crown Prince were deprived of his inheritance he could easily win bread and butter by his skill as a turner, while his eldest son, Prince Wilhelm, is an excellent amateur artisan. On the Emperor's cabinet are several samples of his dead grandson's proficiency as a bookbinder. This acquisition of a trade is in accordance with the traditionary custom in the royal family, which prescribes that every prince of the blood shall learn some useful handicraft, so as to strengthen his spirit of independence and make him wise through actual contact with the material world.

—

In London there is a Cinderella Dancing Club at which all the dancers break up at the very witching hour of midnight. To belong to this a person must first establish a character as a proficient dancer by showing ability to waltz up the ballroom so as to never deviate from one plank. Then to perform the same feat "coming the reverse." In the event of passing this ordeal the waltzer, if otherwise eligible, becomes a member of the society, and is supplied with a tiny silver slipper, which ladies wear as a brooch and men as a trinket to their watchchain or attached to their coat-button, the object being that members should at once recognize each other at a dance as experts in the art of Terpsichore. It is said that the ladies who possess this badge and qualifications never lack partners for a moment, but are in constant request and seldom remain long single.

—

An interesting exhibition has recently been held by the English Cart Horse Society. One hundred and fifty-three entries of draught animals competed for the prizes offered. The importance of obtaining a good staunch breed of cart horse has long been recognized in England, and the different varieties are as carefully bred as is the race horse. The English Cart Horse Society is under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, and the Earls of Ellesmere and Spencer are the President and Vice-President respectively. While various countries dispute with England the honor, France only can compete with her for the palm as to cart horses. One of the greatest sights in London to the lover of horseflesh are the stables of the leading breweries. The superb condition in which their horses are kept, and the size of the animals themselves, often reaching seventy two inches, are matters of wonderment to country people.

—

Alexander III., the new Czar of Russia, is about six feet in height. He is remarkably deep-chested and broad-shouldered, with all the appearance of great strength. His light-gray eyes resemble those of his German mother's relatives more than his father's, who had dark-blue eyes. The shape of his head, which is above the average size—as with most of his family—is rather peculiar; one of those only fitted by a large hat, which, when worn, appears out of proportion to the comparatively small face below. His forehead is high; but the organs of veneration, firmness and self-esteem are most largely developed. In St. Petersburg he usually appears correctly attired in uniform; but when enjoying a holiday among his wife's relatives he may be seen in a very loose suit of shepherd's plaid. That he has been no carpet soldier is evident from the marks of frost bites on the third and fourth finger of his left hand, and a slight scar on his temple where a bullet grazed his head in one of the battles in the Turkish war.

ONE THAT'S DEAD.

BY BLACKWOOD.

It is the hour when all things rest:
The sun sits in the bannered west
And looks along the golden street
That leads o'er ocean to his feet.

Sea-birds with summer on their wing
Down the wide west are journeying,
And one white star serenely high
Peeps through the curtain of the sky.

O sky, and sea, and shore, and air,
How tranquil are ye now, and fair!
But twice the joy ye are were ye,
If one that's dead companioned me.

LADY MARGERIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLIVIA," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLIV.

DAYS had worn on. The bride was happily agitated in the prospect of the coming event. And the bridegroom, how was he? A strange mingling of feelings possessed Sir Rupert Pelham.

Something seemed to embitter and tarnish the brightness of his lot. Was it remorse?—was it the memory of the innocent, pure-minded Blanche, that thus haunted him? Strange that he should not have loved one so fair and lovely, without one drawback to her attractions. Strange that a fancy, a passion, almost an infatuation for another who even his lover's eyes could not say was more lovely or attractive than her sweet rival, should have prevailed so far. Strange that the death of such a bride was almost a relief, albeit a shock, to the young bridegroom. And yet more strange that now, when the first stunning bewilderment was past, and the impression left by the terrible events would naturally fade from the mind, and when the girl who had so possessed his heart was actually standing in the same position as the maiden who had once been betrothed to him,—now was the very time when Sir Rupert began to bestow lingering regrets on the memory of Blanche.

It might be the return to the scenes that had been associated with those events; it might be the near approach of the same ceremony, in the same spot and almost under the same auspices, that had thus conjured up the shadow of the buried past. Or it might be an uneasy suspicion that all the mysterious events were scarcely natural, and that the fair Isabel St. Clair, heiress of the earldom and the estates that had been her cousin's, was scarcely in all respects as great a prize as the deceased Blanche would have been.

The scene was like, and yet different. The stern old earl had been gathered to his fathers, the stately countess exiled from the home that had so long been hers, the few but noble and prized friends, who were to have been witnesses to grace that wedding, were all absent. In their stead was only the dark, fitful, moody figure of Lady Margerie, and the fair form of his betrothed, wrapped in the sables that were so ill in accordance with a bridal.

All this was certainly sufficient to cloud the spirit of the most devoted bridegroom, and Sir Rupert could be seen at times walking pensively and abstractedly in the long gallery where hung the portraits of the ancestors alike of his former and his present bride. He was never or scarcely ever disturbed in his long twilight saunterings. More than once he had asked Isabel to accompany him to his favorite haunt; but she shudderingly refused.

"I never have been in it since my uncle's death," she said. "Have you never heard that a white figure, like Lady Cecily's picture, was seen to pass through it on that night?"

"But you surely do not believe such idle tales?" he said.

"I don't know," she replied. "I am foolishly nervous, Rupert, since all this misery in the house."

"And you regret it, my darling?" he said.

The tone was more tender than usual with him. Isabel marked it with a happy feeling of triumph.

"Can you doubt it?" she asked.

"And yet," said he, "it gave us to each other."

"Yes," she said, "and to mamma, St. Clair."

It was a chilling remark; and Sir Rupert withdrew his arm from her slender waist, as if stung.

"What displeases you, Rupert?" she said. "Can you wonder that I am glad to replace to you all that you lost in Blanche's death?"

The eyes were veiled as she spoke, and the tone was soft and sweet.

"I can wonder at nothing save that I am your proud and happy betrothed, my Isabel," was the lover's reply.

The cloud passed away for a time, but still it returned when Sir Rupert was alone. The remark had been spontaneous; the explanation only in answer to his shudder. The doubts in his mind were gradually deepening; and, as he looked at Lady Margerie's white lowering face, as they sat at evening at the late dinner which concluded the day, once more the chill at his heart grew deeper and deeper; and it was with such feelings that the bride and bridegroom awaited the wedding-day. Isabel's gradually increasing and bitter discontent at the fitful and uncertain mood of her lover was only concealed and hidden at the stern and ominous command of the countess.

Time passed on, the eve of the wedding came, and all was ready for the coming ceremony. It was to be strictly private. The bride would of course relinquish her mourning for the day. The family solicitor, Dr Dickson, Dr. Fitzpatrick, and one old friend of the earl's, who was to give away the bride, were to be the sole witnesses of that strange wedding of the heiress of vast estates and ancient title.

The corresponding event that was planned for the following day was kept strangely secret; no one had the slightest suspicion that the grave and elderly mother of the lovely bride-elect had promised to go through the same eventful ceremony ere her daughter had left the Castle four-and-twenty hours.

Fifteen long years had elapsed since Lady Margerie Lisle had been left a widow, at an age by no means so youthful as to excite any gossiping, wondrous curiosity as to her future conduct. And now the mother of a fair bride, it were worse than insanity to dream of such folly. So the appearance of the physician amidst the favored few who were to witness the wedding only excited a passing smile at "the widow's fancy for physic." He had arrived on the previous evening, and with Mr. Sullivan and Lord Neville had dined with the small party assembled.

If the evening was gloomy and constrained, and the manner of the lady countess somewhat fitful and absent, it could scarcely be wondered at. She was parting with an only child, and though the new couple were to return to take up their abode at "The Towers" after a short absence, it would be very different from the constant companionship to which mother and daughter had been accustomed for so many years; and it was not unnatural that the bereaved and widowed mother should feel bitterly the coming and dreary solitude that would mar her splendid grandeur. Nor could it be matter of surprise that both mother and daughter withdrew early, and left their guests to amuse themselves as they best might in their absence.

It was their last unrestrained evening, the last that would see Isabel St. Clair entirely her mother's, and it was only a proof that the world had misjudged the stern Lady Margerie when they called her heartless and cold, since the soft maternal feelings were so strong within her. Could they have followed them from the reception-room, their judgment might have been altered.

Isabel's steps had been at once directed to her own apartments. The bridal dress was laid out there, the first omen of the coming grandeur that awaited her, the first variation from the sombre garb she had so long worn. It was beautiful and graceful as the bride elect. The pure white silk was nearly covered with the costly bridal veil, and the orange blossoms were interspersed with diamonds, while a set of opals and diamonds were laid on the dressing-table for the betrothed bride as a present from her mother on the bridal day.

Isabel surveyed all with a half-critical, half-pleased gaze. She looked indeed with some natural throbbing of the heart at the veil and dress, that could scarcely fail to remind her of Blanche's ill-omened wedding morning; but the feeling quickly passed, and she turned to examine the costly jewels on the table. She took up each in turn—the necklace, earrings, the tasteful brooch, the glittering bracelets, and a smile of exultation crossed her face. Then, as she replaced them in their velvet cases, she suddenly perceived a small miniature-case lying by the side of the other costly gifts. Her face lightened. It was doubtless a gift from Sir Rupert; his own miniature, painted and set, no doubt, in costly jewels, as his bridal gift. She hastily opened it. Her face darkened, and a cold shiver came over her as she gazed. It was the portrait of the lost Blanche, not dressed, as she had last seen her, in her bridal array, but in the sombre garb of deep mourning, such as she would have worn for the deceased grandfather whom she had so reverenced and loved. Pale and sad, yet beautiful as ever, that fair face seemed to gaze in calm reproach on the beautiful rival who was about to stand in her place—doubly in her place, as heiress and as bride. It was like a spirit from the dead, a voice from the grave.

Isabel hesitated, and then went to her mother's apartments. She tried the door—it yielded to her touch. She entered. The first room was empty; she rushed through it to the inner dressing-room. It was locked, but she could hear voices within. They were too low for her to recognize them, but a strange fancy crossed her mind. Was it the voice of Dr. Fitzpatrick? She could scarcely be certain. She could not believe the evidence of her senses; and yet the soft, low tones, were certainly like the accents of the physician,—she could scarcely mistake them.

A chill came over the girl as she listened. It was singular, but that man had an influence to thrill and to terrify even those who were unaware of the extent of his fearful power; and Isabel Lisle shuddered as she left the room.

Isabel was right. It was the physician who was closeted with Lady St. Clair; and at the very moment when Isabel had entered the ante-room, they had been speaking of her, and of the morrow's ceremonial.

"Margerie," he had said (it was the first time he had dared to call her by that name without title or prefix,) "Margerie, to-morrow will be at once the close and the opening of two epochs of your life; the close of the condition of widow and mother, and the opening of that of wife."

Lady St. Clair bowed her head. She was far too weary, and perhaps too deeply moved for speech.

"And the day after, Margerie is to be the day of our bridal," he continued, with a mocking air, that brought the proud blood to her cheek. "We shall not be quite so young, but we will be as loving a couple as the two that are to be joined to-morrow. Is it not so, Margerie?"

This time the proud spirit was roused. A deep crimson flush dyed her brow and cheeks, and the flash of her proud eyes was as glittering steel.

"It is enough that it is to be," she said, calmly. "Are you resolved Alexander Fitzpatrick?"

"I am," he replied. "Can you doubt it?"

"I would have you reflect," she said. "There is yet time. Remember that I am no foolish girl, to be played with and governed at pleasure. I offer you wealth, freedom, liberty to choose one younger, fairer, perhaps more docile than I am to your will, Alexander Fitzpatrick. It is the crisis of your fate. Resolve, for the last time. I offer you the alternative."

"I have," he replied.

"And that resolve is——"

"To marry Margerie, Countess of St. Clair," he said.

"As you will," said the lady, bowing her head. "I have warned you. Remember, that from this time my conscience is clear, so far as you are concerned. You have chosen your fate and must abide by it."

"Remember," said the physician, bowing also—"remember. I am not one to be trifled with. I shall preserve outwardly all the respect and decorum that can satisfy you. I shall demand the respect and obedience that you will vow to me. You understand me, Lady Margerie?"

"I do," she replied. "You shall have all that is your due, Doctor Fitzpatrick."

There was something in her tone that displeased and rather awed him, but the face was calm, and the expression unmoved, as she gazed at him from her large, quiet, unreadable eyes.

"Then it is agreed," he said—"fully agreed. And you will make suitable arrangements, Margerie."

"You may rely on me."

"As befits your husband?" he asked.

"Undoubtedly," was the reply.

"You swear it?"

The man was strangely pertinacious for so simple an assurance as he desired.

"I will swear," she said, in slow, calm, solemn accents, "I will swear to give to you all and everything that befits your position, and your deserts for the past."

There could lack nothing more—nothing, and yet he gazed at her in surprise and doubt, and it was long ere he spoke again.

"Margerie Lisle, I doubt you," he said. "I do not pretend to more than the prescience of mortals, but yet there are presentiments, there are voices in the heart, that can scarcely be mistaken. And one of these tells me this night that our fates are so interwoven, that what will happen to one will happen to the other. And now, farewell. A few short hours, and we shall be as united as our destinies."

Lady Margerie bowed. She did not hold out her hand as the tall gaunt figure rose to depart. There was something that hindered any such demonstration of good faith or friendship in her heart. The spirit of the St. Clairs was in her still, and the pride of her race forbade the demonstration.

It is strange how persons will commit great crimes and perpetrate evil deeds that would disgrace and throw a foul stigma on the lowest criminal, and yet pause and shrink from the forfeiture of the caste which they feel so binding upon them.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE morning was come. The bridal morn, the second bridal morn that had dawned at Castle St Clair within one short twelvemonth, rose on the fair isle with a kind of uncertain, fitful radiance.

The rays of the morning sun were brilliant but watery, and backed by dark and heavy clouds. All was astir in the Castle; not certainly with the gaiety, the splendid preparations that had marked the former wedding-day of the then heiress of St. Clair,—for the guests were few, and the mourning escutcheon still too fresh on the walls, and, it might be, the bride less popular and beloved, for the like pomp and splendor to mark the present bridal. Still it is impossible for any ceremony of the kind, however simple and private, not to create a sensation in the mansion where it is to be held, and the bridal of Isabel Lisle could scarcely fail to excite some sensation among her future retainers.

The bride was young and beautiful; the bridegroom noble and handsome, and a collateral heir and relative of the house. Could there be a doubt as to the interest, the good wishes, the ex-

citement of such a wedding, however private, and however clouded by the memories of the past? True, all present would remember the ill-fated and lovely Blanche. All would recall the day when the same bridegroom stood at the altar with a relative more beloved and more lovely than Lady Isabel. All could remember the terrible end of the partly accomplished bridal; the horror, the grief, the fearful catastrophe, the permanent and fatal shock to their lord, the misery to his countess; the break in the line the mysterious rumors that had followed; the report of the young bride's appearance of the vision of Lady Cecily that had at last proved fatal to the earl, the absence of a will; the succession of the but half trusted mother of the present young bride.

These events were patent to all. They were too new, too fresh and recent not to recur to the minds of the humblest; too remarkable not to occupy the attention of the most obtuse and the most giddy and frivolous among the household as well as the friends and acquaintances of St. Clair. Still; though there were suppressed words and looks exchanged, though the old servants were grave, and the new ones whispered what had reached their ears, the excitement was real and uncontrolable, and the preparations far too limited to please the tastes and the ideas of the dependents of the house. And the rosy-cheeked and white-capped maids and youthful liveried attendants loudly pronounced it far from a becoming bridal for the heiress of St. Clair. But it was come. Whether fitting or not in its splendor, or conspicuous in its omens, the day was come, and all was ready for the ceremony.

The reverend rector, the learned lawyer, the skilful physician were all in readiness. The mother of the fair bride was dressed in the splendid mauve moire antique, the rich lace, the diamond heirlooms that befitted her age and position and all was in readiness but the fair bride.

Some superstitious whispers were heard buzzing among the group when the hour arrived for the bride's appearance, and her room door was watched with the keen eyes of curiosity, as well as expectant eagerness: but if any catastrophe was expected in the bride's dressing-chamber, the lovers of marvel and mystery were for that time disappointed

The door at length opened, and, leaning on the arm of her "official" father, Lord Neville, Isabel Lisle entered the chapel, followed by her mother.

How beautiful she looked! The brilliant eyes were veiled by the long lashes, the cheek was flushed with a soft rich bloom, very different from the pallor that had displeased the countess grandmother of the fair Blanche; the lips were half pouted in a triumphant smile, as if too happy to disguise the feelings of the fair girl, and the splendid figure looked queenly in its stately, yet graceful dignity.

No one could have criticised Sir Rupert's choice had the bride been less richly endowed with worldly gifts, and no one could help bestowing a blessing on a pair so formed, as it seemed, to be joined in life-long bonds. All shone fair on the bridal, all but the atmosphere that, after a fierce struggle between storm and sunshine, settled at last into a heavy down-pour, as the ceremony began. But who could heed the outward gloom when regarding the bride's glittering jewels, and yet more brilliant beauty?—and who could think of evil omens when the heiress of a fair earldom, and the broad lands that belonged to it was standing at the altar with the presumptive inheritor of the male branch of the ancient line?

The words that fell from the bride's and bridegroom' lips were far more engrossing than the rush of rain without, and the flash of the bright eyes and the triumph of the youthful looks far too radiant not to render the guests heedless of the dark clouds that obscured the sky. But there was one who gazed furtively, yet triumphantly, on the scene, who watched the whole ceremony with eagerness, and stood aloof when the buzz of congratulations was tendered to Lady Isabel Pelham.

That one was Dr. Fitzpatrick. There was a sinister, sullen look in his face that betokened some secret and immutable resolve,—a half malignant triumph as he, too, tendered his wishes and congratulations to the bride and bridegroom.

The whole ceremony was over; the signing of the registry had been performed in the library of the Castle, and then the wine and cake was brought in prior to the formal breakfast that was to conclude the modest ceremonial. The servants had laid the refreshments on a side-table, and had been dismissed by their lady. The countess herself had chosen to dispense the cordials that were to revive the flagging spirits of the party.

One by one the guests received the glass of wine and the morsel of cake from the hands of the lady of the Castle; the bride and bridegroom, Lord Neville, the clergyman, the lawyer, and lastly, the physician, Dr. Fitzpatrick.

Then the countess herself drank to the health and prosperity of her daughter and son-in-law; and after a brief interval prepared to lead the way to the dining saloon, where the gorgeous repast was laid out with a magnificence that seemed almost a mockery when the few and humble guests were considered.

The guests were seated—the festivities at the highest—the toast of the occasion was proposed by Lord Neville, and responded to by the bridegroom gracefully and fittingly, still there was an absence of the joyousness and the brilliancy that should mark such an occasion, and the repast flagged heavily as if some impetus was waiting for its gaiety. A wait hung on the spirits of all, that seemed more especially to affect the one usually least subject to such influence.

Alexander Fitzpatrick was more silent, gloomy, and oppressed, as the moments went on. His sallow complexion became more and more leaden in hue, his eyes grew more lustreless, his lips whiter in tint, and the few words that escaped him came slowly, indistinctly, and with difficulty and labor from his tongue. But few noticed it. The beauty of the bride, the noble air of the bridegroom, and the stately courtesy of the countess were far more engrossing to those who had witnessed the ceremony.

But at last the physician seemed to shake off the strange oppression that weighed on him. He laughed with almost unnatural and ill-placed loudness, spoke fast, if not altogether with his usual clearness, and at last the gentlemen began to exchange glances, which implied that the doctor had partaken too freely of the good cheer and strong wines that were before him. Then he rose. He had a toast to propose.

"The health of the queenly mother of the bride. All must know and see the dignity, the real stateliness, that so honored the race from which she sprang, the house for which she was for the time was the head."

"For the time," he repeated, with an especial emphasis, that directed the looks of the guests and the servants to the young bride, the heiress of the splendor around.

"No," he said, with a look of malignant triumph at the whitening face of the countess, "no, you mistake me, ladies and gentlemen; I did not allude to the day that is, we trust, far distant when Lady St. Clair will yield to the power which none can resist—to the power of—of——"

He paused. A shudder convulsed his gaunt frame, and the words seemed confused in his brain. But he hastily drank another glass of the wine before him, and went on more clearly.

"Of death," he continued; "but ——"

A low cry from Lady St. Clair arrested him. Their eyes met—hers in agonizing perplexity and terror; his in a bewildered, revengeful dread and hatred. Then he tried to speak; his tongue uttered some inarticulate sounds, his hands grasped wildly what was only the empty air; his eyes turned on the countess with a glance of fiendish malignity, and then he tottered, sank on his chair, and the next instant fell to the ground, dead.

All was now terror and dismay. The bride gave a low scream, and added to the general confusion by fainting.

And the countess! Those who had leisure to observe her might have seen the rigid look of horror on her face; the wild stare of her eyes; the frantic clasp of her hands. She neither moved nor spoke when the last fatal moment closed the ominous and singular symptoms that had been visible during the meal; had she been stricken also, she could scarcely have been more motionless than for the first moments of that awful scene. Then came a low, shudderingly sound, muttered between her teeth, rather than spoken.

"It is a judgment; have mercy—have mercy!" But whether the prayer was for him or for herself, who could decide?

Few indeed had leisure to consider, or to criticize the lady's demeanor. They were assembled round the dead or insensible man, with looks of terror, with fruitless suggestions, and equally fruitless attempts to help and restore the consciousness that had departed for ever.

Lord Neville appeared the most self-possessed of the party, and he it was who suggested the summoning of medical aid.

"A physician should be sent for, Lady St. Clair, at once." he said.

"Is he living?" she asked, in a low tone.

"We cannot tell," was the reply; "The pulse has ceased, but there may be still some vital action. If there is warmth in the heart, all may yet be restored."

"Warmth in the heart!" she repeated, shudderingly.—"warmth in the heart!"

The guests exchanged looks,—surely her brain, too, was affected by the sudden shock, her looks and words were so strangely incoherent. She seemed to perceive the glances, and tried to rouse her bewildered faculties.

"Yes, yes, of course, at once," she said,—"send at once."

Then she approached, or rather tried to approach, the prostrate form that lay motionless, rigid, and cold on the couch; but the effort seemed beyond her strength; she shuddered, drew back, and sank again on the chair from which she had risen.

"Lady St. Clair," said Dr. Dickson, approaching her with grave kindness, "this is no place for you in your present state. Let me lead you from the room."

"I—my state—what do you mean?" she said, angrily

"You are agitated unnerved," he replied. "Lady Isabel requires you; leave that unfortunate man to us."

"No," she said, decidedly; "I shall remain."

The gentlemen exchanged glances.

"Pardon me, dear Lady St. Clair," said Lord Neville, approaching her with grave kindness, "but I must indeed take the liberty of controling your too great consideration and sense of duty. Let me lead you from the room; nay I must, I do insist on it."

He took her hand; it was like ice

"Lady St. Clair, I entreat," he said, for still she refused to quit the room. "The world will talk if you are so strangely persistent."

The argument appeared to tell. The countess rose, and leaning heavily on the arm of her guest, walked, like one in a dream, to the door. There was a slight movement near the couch where the sufferer lay, as they reached the door; she seemed roused from her stupor, and hastily turned.

"Is he living?—does he breathe?" she asked, sharply.

"He will never breathe again unless medical skill can restore the dead to life," said the clergyman, gravely. "Lady St. Clair, I would entreat you once more to leave the room."

She seemed satisfied now. The excitement passed, and the door closed behind her with a slow, solemn sound.

Hours went on, at length the doctors, who had been summoned, arrived. A consultation was held; but all that could be pronounced with any degree of certainty was, that life had departed; the cause of death, however, could not be ascertained, and both Lord Neville and Dr. Sullivan, as well as the lawyer and clergyman, concurred in pronouncing an inquest and a post mortem examination necessary.

Lady St. Clair assented mechanically; she had remained in a state of strange stupor since the moment of the doctor's death, while Lady Isabel had scarcely recovered from the fainting fit into which she had fallen, and needed her husband's constant attendance to keep her from yielding to the hysterical agitation that had seized her. And how, as no more could be done, the party so lately assembled for so different a purpose met in the library with grave and perplexed faces to talk over the affair.

"It is singular," observed Lord Neville, "that both the countess and her daughter should display such agitation at this man's death. I do not mean," he added, hastily, seeing the clergyman's look of surprise, "I do not mean that it was not awful in its suddenness and the especial time at which it took place; but still, the agitation of the countess and the hysterics of the bride would have been more in place on the occasion of the late earl's death than this strange doctor's."

Dr. Sullivan nodded assent. His own observation had coincided with Lord Neville's.

"Perhaps it is the peculiar occasion on which it took place," said the mild pastor. "A death in the midst of marriage festivities is truly awful."

Again there was a pause.

"It is an ill-fated castle," said the earl.

"There may be a third bridal which will turn the fate," observed the lawyer. "Let us wait, my good friend, and suspend our judgment till we see the result of these strange catastrophes."

"It shall be the last I will attend," said the earl. "I have no taste for such horrors."

"Don't be too sure, my lord," observed Mr. Pleydell; "I have a presentiment that there are yet more strange events in store."

After a little further discussion as to the causes of the seizure of the unfortunate deceased, the party gravely separated.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Simply giving our money or our time, when we have plenty of both, is hardly real charity, which surely does not mean giving what does not costs us anything. But, if the money and the time have cost us some self-denial, in the way of personal exertion or economy, then truly the gift blesses both giver and receiver. By the way, this may explain what one hears of so often from people, namely, "the ingratitude of the lower orders." The rich give of "the superfluity, and expect in return gratitude. If gratitude were as easy as giving what it costs nothing to spare, the exchange would be fair enough; but, unluckily, gratitude is at least as difficult a virtue as self-denial. Both virtues come naturally to some people, no doubt, but those people, are not the rule, but the exception that proves it.

Amusement is the waking sleep of labor. When it absorbs thought, patience and strength that might have been seriously employed, it loses its distinctive character, and becomes the task-master of idleness.

The home-stretch — Putting up a clothes-line.

[illegible]

When cannibal savages after a fight
Make a feast of those they have beaten,
The grisly repast yields a keener delight
From the knowledge that ev'ry unfortunate
[illegible]
Would have deemed it the greatest disgrace
[illegible]

Though the custom is fast dying out in Fiji.
As the influence of Western example in-
[illegible]
In civilized countries you often may see
A circle of friends in the highest of glee,
All busily picking some neighbor to piece s

The best of it is that the neighbor is not.
As in islands barbaric, a person deceased;
His flesh has been baked in no cauldron or pot;
They don't even trouble to serve him up hot:
For the victim st ll lives in the midst of the feast.

S till one comfort remains. In the isle of Fiji
No possible vengeance is left for the victim;
He is cooked and defunct But here he is free
To seek satisfaction; and sometimes we see
That he wounds in exchange for the wounds which have pricked him.

Then beware, Mrs. Smith; beware, lovely Miss Brown;
Young Jones, whisper nothing that isn't quite true;
Be a little more careful of others' renown,
For Thompson in yonder recess has sat down
With Miss Green, and is quietly cutting up you! —Lorenzo.

The World of Humor.

A pressing necessity—A flat-iron.

Narrow escape—The chimney flue.

A "plucky fellow"—A busy poulterer.

The city surveyor—The visitor from the country.

A cavalry charge is sometimes only a slay-ride.

Chestnuts don't have wings, but they are a sort of burred like.

"A new way to pay old 'ebts" is to take the cash and pay them.

The man who attempted to ca'ch the Speaker's eye with a steel trap was ordered to take the floor.

"Your horse has a tremendous long bit," said a friend to Hook. "Yes," said he, "it is a bit too long."

We don't throw bombshells at our rulers to destroy them. We let office-seekers torture them to death.

Why is the discovery of the North Pole like an illicit whisky manufactory. Because it's a secret still.

What three authors would you name in commenting on an extensive conflagration? Dickens, Howitt, Burns!

There was a bright look ahead when the man bumped violently against a lamp-post and saw several hundred stars.

"Never mistake perspiration for inspiration," said an old minister, in his charge to a young pastor, just being ordained.

The raw oyster is the lazy man's friend. Assistant opens the oysters, and all the lazy man has to do is to open his mouth.

A contemporary tells "how to utilize old fruit cans." Give a boy a string and a strange dog, and he needs no further directions.

Arthur is good at singing a rousing song. Well, Wheeler and Wilson have been Vice Presidents, and it is but right to give Singer a chance.

Man is the only animal provided with handkerchief facilities. He has a pocket to keep his handkerchief, and a nose that can be laid hold of.

A rich man's regret.—A plumber who was about to die, said: "My only regret at dying is, because where I am going water pipes never freeze up."

"Do you drink?" said a temperance reformer to a beggar who had implored alms of him. "Yes, thank you," returned the candid pauper, "where shall we go?"

"Shet dat doah, Sam. "Why, it ain't cold, marm." "Golly, you shet dat doah, you brat; o' course it ain't cold—it's me dat's cold. Think I care wedder de doah's cold or not?"

When a car is accidentally put off the track now-a-days, it is said to be "de-railed." We presume that when a man is accidentally put off the car, he may be said to be de-rided. Just so.

Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Nervousness and miserableness all cured with Hop Bitters. See notice.

Mark Twain once drew up an almanac of California weather, in which the predictions varied mainly from "severe earthquakes in January" to "mild and balmy earthquakes in July."

A small daughter of a friend of ours who had been accustomed to the simplicity of a nursery table, when first allowed to take a meal with the family, was specially charmed with the mystery of the castor. After watching her father peppering something, she passed her own plate, saying, politely, "Please put a little dirt on mine, too, papa."

A Michigan man paid $200 for a Russian bloodhound to eat up thieves and burglars, but the dog hadn't been on the watch but two nights when he walked off with a tramp for a brighter and more adventurous life.

A little fellow came to school, brimful of talk about a brand new baby in his block. "How old is it?" asked somebody. "I don't know how old it is," he answered; "but they only found it last night."

A train had just rolled into the station, and little Charley stood listening a moment to the sound of the escaping steam. Then, turning to his father, he said, "Pa, the engine's all out o' breath, ain't it?"

To say that Jones' nose is a rouser would be stating it mildly It stands out on his profile like a good deed in a naughty world, or a lighthouse on a beach. And Jones is sensitive about that nose. Seeing a strange young man gazing at him the other day, Jones became uneasy, until he finally broke out with, "Well, what are you staring at? Do you see anything remarkable about me?" "Nose, sir," was the rather equivocal reply of the young man, as he dodged around the corner

Beatty's Parlor Organs

We call attention to Mayor Beatty's large Organ advertisement in another column of this issue. We have been to Washington, N. J., and gone through his office and factory, and found everything as represented in his advertisements. We have bought two of his instruments, and we are glad to inform our readers that they have given entire satisfaction.

Among the few makers of Pianos and Organs who are widely known in this country, the firm of Horace Waters & Co., of New York, are prominent. Their advertisement in another column offers special inducements that should be carefully considered by all who desire a good instrument. Horace Waters, the senior member of this firm, has been in the business of making and selling Pianos and Organs for more than thirty-five years and his name is a household word all over the land. Send for their catalogue.

Cod Liver Oil and Lime.—That pleasant and active agent in the cure of all consumptive symptoms "Wilbor's Compound of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Lime," is being universally adopted in medical practice. Sold by the proprietor, A. B. Wilbor, Chemist, Boston, and all druggists.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR. Madame Wambold's Special permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for a circular. Madame Wambold [illegible] Boston, Mass.

No toilet is complete without a bottle of Pearl's White Glycerine, to soften and beautify the skin. Use Pearl's White Glycerine Soap.

Robust and blooming health in Hop Bitters, and no family can afford to be without them. See another [illegible]

When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED

STOMACH
BITTERS

Shooting Chills Down the Back

Dull pain in the limbs, nausea, biliousness are symptoms of approaching fever and ague. Use without delay Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which substitutes for the chilly sensation a genial warmth, regulates the stomach, and imparts tone to the liver. The bowels, the stomach and the biliary gland being restored to a healthy condition, the disease is conquered at the outset. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally

ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF
ETIQUETTE & BUSINESS

This is the cheapest and only complete and reliable work on Etiquette and Business ever published. It tells how to perform all the various duties of life and how to appear to the best advantage in society. AGENTS WANTED. Send for circular containing a full description of the work and terms to Agents. Address, National Publishing Co., Philadelphia Pa.

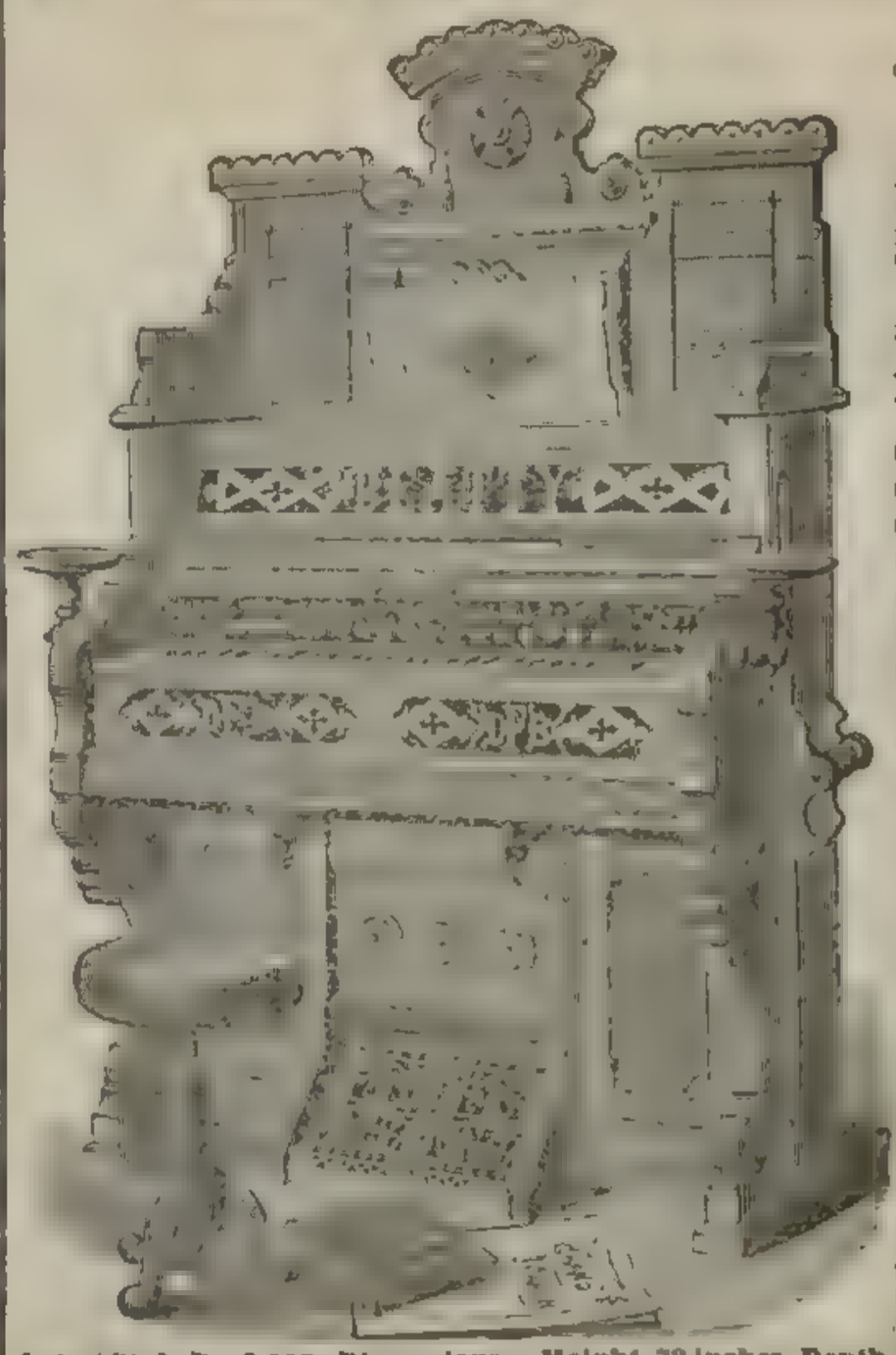
AN HONEST offer. Send 3 2 ct. stamps & we will send YOU a beautiful 64-page Autograph Album, illustrated; also an 8 page Musical Monthly Story Paper for 6 months on trial and an elegant 12-k chromo postpaid. GUEST PUB. CO., Springfield, Mass.

CARD COLLECTORS.

25 Samples of Fine Cards, Picture Cards with advertisements or plain 15c. Sets at 25, 35 & 50c. Pretty Albums &c. E. D. GILBERT, P. M., Higganum Conn.

50 Handsome, New, Motto, etc. Cards in case, with name, 10c. Nassau Co. Fairhaven Ct.

$65 BEATTY'S ORGANS. $65



Latest Style No. 8,000. Dimensions Height, 72 inches; Depth, 24 inches; Length, 46 inches. Weight, boxed, about 400 lbs.

To the Readers of "The Saturday Evening Post"

You are earnestly requested to visit my ORGAN WORKS at this place and select the instrument in person.

Description of New Style No. 8,000.

Names of Stops.

(1) Diapason Forte
(2) **SUB BASS.**
(3) Principal Forte
(4) Duloet.
(5) Diapason.
(6) Grand Organ.
(7) **Vox Humana**
(8) Æolian.
(9) Echo.
(10) Dulciana.
(11) Clarionet.
(12) **Vox Celeste**
(13) Octave Coupler.
(14) Flute Forte.
(15) **Celestina, or French Horn.**
(16) Bourdon.
(17) Grand Organ Knee Stop.

By the use of this famous stop the entire power of the instrument can be thrown on or off by the knee without taking the hand from the key board. It is a valuable improvement in reed organs.

This instrument contains 5 octaves, 5 full sets of the celebrated golden-tongue reeds, 2 knee-swells, handles, lamp-stands, pocket for music, solid black-walnut case, carved, veneered; extra large fancy top, as shown in the above picture, upright bellows, steel springs, metal foot-plates, rollers for moving, &c. For the money it is unequalled Shipped on test trial, with stool, book and music, to any readers of the SAT. EVE'G POST for only $65, the regular catalogue price being $85. This special discount is given in order to introduce this handsome style among the readers of the "Saturday Ev'g Post." Those who visit my factory at Washington, N. J., and select the instrument in person are entitled to $5 from the above price to pay traveling expenses. Those who order the instrument by mail will have their money promptly refunded and freight charges paid by me both ways if instrument is not just as represented in above advertisement. I refer with pleasure to the Publisher of the SATURDAY EVENING POST, who has bought two of my instruments, and thousands all over the world who are using my cabinet organs. BEATTY'S QUARTERLY (illustrated) MAILED FREE.

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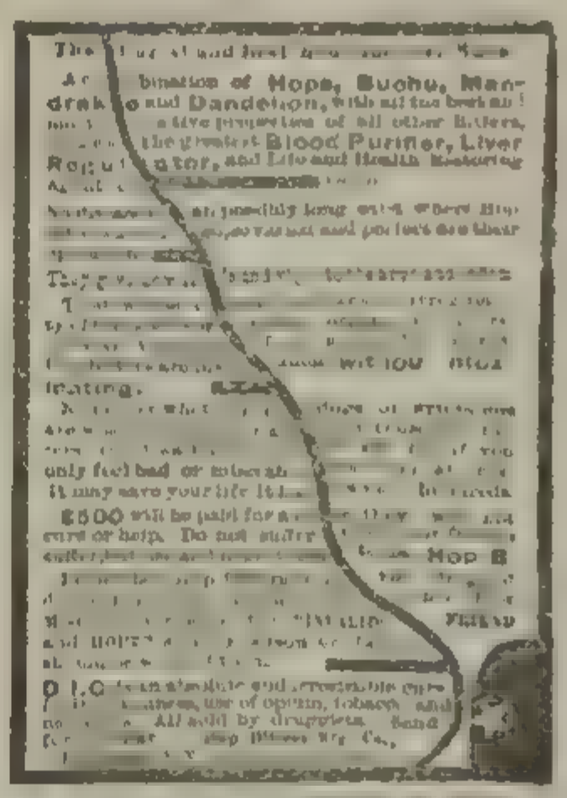

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A Perfect Corset at Last!

This Corset is boned with a new material (name) which is very superior to horn or whalebone

It Cannot Break

It is more comfortable, healthier and durable. It is not affected by cold, heat or moisture. It is Warranted to give satisfaction in every respect.

For sale by leading Merchants. Price by mail $1 25

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ELECTRIC BELTS
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A certain remedy for DISEASES of the KIDNEYS, NERVOUS DEBILITY, IMPOTENCY, WEAKNESS, and a debilitated condition of the system. They will cure when every other means have failed. They also do away with the use of medicine. We defy competition and give a trial a pleasant of your case and our Medical Electric Appliance will relieve you. Address Electric Appliance Company, 218 Broadway, New York.

PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE penetrates the skin without injury, softens and beautifies. Keeps hands white and free from chaps. Makes a White, Soft and Healthy Skin. It is the best thing in the world. Try it. Pearl's White Glycerine Soap is the best in the world. Try it. Pearl's White Glycerine Soap is the best in the world. Try it. Pearl's White Glycerine Soap is the best

Our Young Folks.

THE WITCH-DANCER

BY PIPKIN.

LONG LONG AGO the following happened.

There was a rich old Count who lived in much seclusion, his only companion being his niece Katel, who had great fame for her loveliness.

The old Count often urged Katel to marry. Yet the damsel had no mind either to lose her freedom or to curb her gaiety by wedlock.

Dancing formed the one passion of her life; it was for this that she lived, for the perpetual twisting of her lithe figure upon moonlit lawns to the giddy strains of sweet music.

"When a gay cavalier comes to me" she scornfully cried, in answer to her uncle "when I can find some handsome knight who is able to dance with me continuously for the space of twelve hours long, without a break, he and he alone shall be the one to whom I will give my hand."

This saying of hers was in due course proclaimed by heralds in every surrounding town and hamlet.

As a result, many rich young suitors came forward to woo the cruel fair one, and to perform the task that she had set them.

With these she liked, Katel arranged to make them her partners at the different open air balls and rustic fetes which it was the custom to give from time to time.

And there, floating among the crowd, the giddiest, the wildest, and yet the most sylph like of them all, would be Katel, who danced madly on with all her partners until they one by one sank breathless and exhausted upon the ground, when death soon released them from the spell of the cruel sorceress who had thus lured them to join in her fatal dance.

When at last these stories about her reached her uncle, the Count, he forbade her to go to any more of the dances and gatherings. He locked her up in a tower, where she was to remain until she should choose some husband out of the many who still came to offer her marriage.

Now Katel had a page a decrepit, wizened little wretch, no bigger than a hare and as black as the feathers of a crow's wing.

Him she one day called to her, while it was yet quite early in the morning, and said to him with her finger at her lips:

"Hist! my uncle slumbers soundly, be quick and get you gone by the ladder to Balaun, who waits within his own castle for a message from her whom he loves. The guards will let you pass by them; then take horse; be as fleet as the wind, and say that Katel bids him come bear her hence before morning dawns."

* * * * *

An hour later at the foot of the tower, beneath the casement, from which a rope ladder hung a young and comely knight might be seen helping a fair damsel to mount his courser; and soon after in the denser parts of the woods around, the forester could hear the quick tramp of a horse's hoofs, while from the window of the donjon came the sound of the dwarf's exulting laugh, as he muttered to himself:

"Ha! ha! they are gone off to the great ball that is to be held to-day in the meadow! Balaun! Balaun! before another sunrise your death knell will be rung!"

* * * * *

There was a large assembly at the meadow to take part in the festivities of the day, and when Katel came on the scene with her brave young cavalier they were general objects of admiration and regard.

Many wondered to see her back again, ready to work fresh misery by her sorceries upon those with whom she should dance; other shook their head as they heard that Balaun, her affianced lover, was to be her chosen partner; they knew that he must certainly fall a victim to her spell.

And then the ball began. Some of the most skilled pipers had been brought from all parts of the country, their enchanting music seemed as if it would never cease.

But it was not until night came, when lamps and torches were lit, that Katel took Balaun by the hand, and they began to dance together.

But after a while Katel saw that her partner was gradually losing strength, and that he would not be able to keep pace with her much longer.

"Courage," said she, half mockingly. "Do you give in so soon. We must not stop yet, it wants but a short time to midnight and then I am yours."

Balaun believed her. Though well nigh exhausted he put forth every nerve and muscle in a final effort to continue the wild frenzied dance.

Across the field they flew, then round and round it at high racing speed, but it was for the last time.

Soon his knees shook,—his breath came quicker, he gasped and vainly struggled for air.

"Oh, have mercy, have mercy, Katel! I can—no more—Katel, have I not won you yet?"

Then he sank lifeless upon the turf.

Yet to this she gave no heed; she left him there to his fate.

At that instant the hour of twelve boomed from a clock tower. All torches and lamps flickered and went out; there was a sudden gloom everywhere.

And through the darkness, above the clamor of voices, could yet be heard the dwarf's fiendish laugh of scorn.

* * * * *

"What, already worn out?" cried Katel, as she glanced angrily round upon the ring of smoking torches and called to the worn out, weary pipers, who had at length made a pause in their wild music: "already exhausted by such slight exertion as this? I would that the Evil One might send me such musicians and such dancers as should be worthy and fit to dance with me;—for these puny wretches, of what good are they?"

And she stamped her foot in a rage.

Hardly had the words crossed her lips when a weird light shone in the sky; there was a terrible clap of thunder, and a stir in all the trees.

Suddenly, two ghostly forms appeared in the centre of the field, of such unearthly aspect, that the bystanders, panic struck, would have rushed away.

But to their horror flight was impossible; they remained there, rooted to the spot.

One of the phantoms was dressed in red, and over all he wore a long black cloak. Under his arm he carried a huge bag of pipes.

The other stranger was of tall and commanding figure, and was clad in a tight fitting black suit with a heavy red mantle; upon his head he wore a tuft of vultures' plumes, that nodded and waved in the wind.

Suddenly the phantom piper struck up a weird, unearthly dance tune, a strain so wild, so maddening, that all who listened shuddered at the sound.

His grim companion beckoned to Katel, and seizing her by the waist, they whirled around to the awful measure, which seemed ever to gain in fury.

The torches at the edge of the field were, in an instant re-lit; and others, a few joined in the dance; but only for a short time.

Katel and her ghostly partner were soon the sole remaining couple.

Louder and shriller shrieked the pipes; faster and faster grew the music; faster and faster flew her feet over the ground.

But ere long she felt that her powers were going from her; the light swam before her eyes and there was terror in her heart as she struggled to escape from the iron grip that dragged her onward.

"Ha! ha! round again—once more!" jeered the spectre. "What, are you tired?—Do you give in so soon?"

At this echo of her own speech Katel's very blood ran cold, yet she had no breath wherewith to answer; her end was come.

In wild despair she made one last superhuman bound; then she fell forward upon the turf, gasping, in the last throes of death.

At that instant with blaze of lightning with crash of thunder, the phantoms vanished, and black darkness hid everything from view.

Rain fell in torrents, and there was a great wind.

* * * * *

When the dawn came and the clear light of morning streamed over the wet fields and bushes, those who had courage to visit the spot saw two corpses lying there with white faces turned to the sky.

Here they buried them Balaun and Katel, the two lovers, who in that fearful night had found a more fearful end.

Since then the place has been held in general dread; all peasant folk shun it; while still by their firesides on a winter's night you may hear them tell the tale of how the wicked witch dancer met her doom.

TRICKS OF FANCY.—Lately a public prosecutor in Scotland attended the exhumation of a body in a case of supposed murder and had to withdraw from the scene on account, as he said, of the overpowering odor attending the procedure, and emitted, as he believed, by the coffin. On the latter being opened it was empty. And a doctor engaged in pancreatic surgery joint of meat on a hook situated above his head so that the hook appeared to penetrate his arm, and to suspend him thereby. Carried into a drug store a short distance at hand, he was pacified with chloroform and suffering as he said, acute agony, which was intensified on the arm being removed. When however the arm was examined not a trace of injury was to be observed. The hook had merely penetrated the sleeve of his coat, by the fancy referment the injury to his arm was so real that the pallor and shock were as typically represented as if he had really been transfixed.

Mrs. Mackay gave in Paris the other evening the most magnificent ball of the season. For the dancing she furnished not only the best band to be had but a group of singers who sang the waltzes, giving a marvellous spirit of fascination to the dance.

SOPHIE'S CONFESSION.

BY MAGDA VERNEY.

MEN are never so awkward, never so ungraceful, never so undesirable, as when they are making love. A friend is a luxury—a husband ditto, I suppose; but that intermittent class of human beings, denominated lovers, are terrible bores. O gracious!"

So said saucy Sophie Lynn aloud to herself as she sat swinging back and forth before her window, half buried in the cushions of a luxurious arm chair, toying as she spoke, with a delicate ivory fan that lay upon her lap.

"For my part, I never had a lover"—here Sophie fluttered her fan, and looked pleased, for she had more than one—"that I wasn't heartily sick of after he had proposed. There was Col. Morris—I thought him the handsomest man in my whole circle of acquaintances until he went on his knees to me, and swore he should die if I didn't take pity on him. Somehow he always looked like a fright to me afterwards. Then there was Dr. Wilkins; he was really agreeable, and people said very learned. I was delighted with him for a time; but he spoiled it all with that offer of his. Horrors! I've detested him ever since. Then there was——"

Here Sophie started. She had heard the door bell ring. With a nervous spring she stood before her mirror, smoothing down her brown hair with a haste truly comical.

"It wont do to seem interested," she said, as she took a finishing survey of her person in the glass, and shook out, with her plump, jewelled fingers, the folds of her airy muslin dress.

The moment afterwards, when a servant entered to announce Mr. Harry Ainslee, she was back in her old seat by the window, rocking and playing with her fan, apparently as unconcerned and listless as though that name had not sent a quicker thrill to her heart, or the betraying crimson all over her pretty face.

"Tell him I will be down presently."

It was very evident that something was wrong with Sophie; that she had made up her mind, either not to be pleased or not to please. Could it be that she had foreseen what was coming? that a presentiment of that visit and its result had dictated the merry speeches in her chamber? Be that as it may, a half hour had not elapsed before she knew that Harry Ainslee's heart, hand and fortune—which latter, by the way, was nothing wonderful—were in the same place where Col. Morris's and Dr. Wilkins's had been before them—at her disposal.

"The first man that I ever heard say such things without making a fool of himself," muttered Sophie, emphatically, from behind her fan, as she sat blushing and evidently gratified, yet without deigning any reply to the gallant straightforward speech in which her lover had risked his all of hope. "He ought to do penance for the pretty way he manages that nose. He's altogether too calm to suit me." And Sophie shook her curly head meaningly, moving her fan before her for a screen; did she forget what she had been saying? "I wonder if I couldn't ape the way old Uncle Jones used to in meeting? Wouldn't it be funny—and wouldn't it plague Harry, if he thought I had been asleep while he was talking?"

Sophie's blue eyes danced with suppressed merriment as she gave two or three heavy breathings, and followed them up with a nasal explosion worthy of an orchestral contra. It was well done—theatrically done; and poor Harry sprang half upright—surprised, mortified, confounded. Human nature could stand it no longer, and Sophie gave vent to her mirth in a burst of triumphant laughter.

"You little witch—you mischief—you spirit of evil!" exclaimed the relieved Harry, as he sprang to her side and caught her by the arm with a grip that made her scream. "You deserve a shaking for your behavior!" Then lowering his voice, he added gravely, "Will you never have done tormenting me? If you love me, can you not be generous enough to tell me so?—and if you do not, am I not, at least, worthy of a candid refusal? You are an heiress, and I only a poor student; but if that is the reason why you treat my suit so scornfully, you are less than the noble woman I thought you."

Sophie's head was averted, and a suspicious moisture glistened in her eyes, as he ceased speaking. And why is it that we sometimes hold our highest happiness so lightly. When she turned her countenance towards him again, the same mocking mirth was in her eyes, the same coquettish smile wreathed her red lips.

"Speaking of heiresses, there's Helen Myrtle, whose father is worth twice as much as mine. Perhaps you had better transfer your attentions to her, Mr. Ainslee. The difference in your downright would not be quite an inducement, and possibly she might consider your case more seriously than I have done."

Like an insulted prince, Harry Ainslee stood up before her—then left without a word.

Sophie thought he would soon return, but days matured into weeks and still he did not come; nor in all that time did she see him. And now she began to think herself quite a martyr, and to act accordingly. In fact, she did as almost any heroine would have done under the circumstances—grew pale and interesting. Sister Kate, who had come so near the true solution of the mystery, should know all—so said Sophie. Perhaps she could advise her what to do, for to give Harry up forever seemed every day more and more of an impossibility.

"Will you come into the garden with me, Kate?" she asked, in a trembling voice, of her sister one day, about a month after her trouble with Harry. "I have something of importance to tell you."

"Go right along, darling, and I will be with you in a few moments," replied Kate, casting a searching glance at Sophie's flushed cheeks and sworlen eyes.

Running swiftly along the garden paths, as if from fear of pursuit, Sophie turned aside into her favorite arbor, and flinging herself down on the low seat, buried her head among the cool, green vines, and gave herself up to a paroxysm of passionate grief. Soon she heard steps approaching, and then a pair of arms were twined tenderly about her waist, and a warm hand laid caressingly on her drooped head.

"O, Kate, Kate!" she cried in the agony of her repentance, "I am perfectly wretched. Harry and I quarrelled two or three week ago, I was wilful and rude, just as it is natural for me to be, and he got angry. I don't think he is going to forgive me, for he hasn't been here since. I would not have owned it to anybody if it hadn't been just as it is, but I think I love him almost as well as I do you, and father and mother."

A kiss dropped on Sophie's glossy head, and tighter was she held. She wondered that Kate was so silent, but still kept her wet face hidden in the vines.

"He asked me to be his wife—asked me as nobody else ever did—in such a grand, kingly way, that he made me feel as though I ought to have been the one to plead instead of him. I could not bear that, and so answered him just as I most didn't want to. What can I do? Tell me, Kate—you are so much better than I am, and never get into trouble. I am sure I shall die if you don't!"

"Look up, dear, and I will tell you."

Sophie did look up with a start, and the next moment, with a little scream leaped from the arms of—not sister Kate, but Harry Ainslee!

"How came you here, and who have I been talking to?" she stammered, hysterically, through her blushes and tears.

"You have been talking to me, and I came here at your sister's suggestion," was the answer, accompanied by a quiet smile. "To tell the truth, dear Sophie, Kate has been in the secret longer than you imagined, for I made her my confidant the very day following our estrangement. I met her accidentally, and she raised me upon my dejected looks. In the freshness of my disappointment, stung by her heedless remarks I spoke bitter words to her. I was ashamed of them the moment they were uttered, as I met her grieved, wondering look; and having no other apology to offer, told her the whole truth. Knowing your heart, it seems, better than I did, she bade me wait, and hope for the best. It was in obedience to her command that I have avoided you so long, and it has been the most exquisite torture for me to do so, since I learned, through her, that you really regretted my absence. Last night, at Mrs. Evan's party, she gave me leave to call to-day. I met her in the hall a few minutes ago, and she directed me hither in search of you. You know the rest, and let me add, your confession has made me very happy."

Sophie declares to this day, that she has never forgiven either of them, though she has been Mrs. Harry Ainslee nearly two years!

GYPSY SUPERSTITIONS.—For a class of persons that are popularly supposed to live by working on the superstitions and credulities of their fellows, the gypsies are themselves singularly superstitious. Some gypsies set their boots crosswise before they go to bed, fancying thereby to keep away the cramp; a female gypsy carried the skeleton of a mole's foot, which she called a "fairy foot," because she believed it good against rheumatism; and it is a standing truth among them that babies in teething should wear a necklace made of myrtle stones which, for a boy, must be cut by a woman; by a man, for a girl. An adder's slough or a bit of mummy's flesh is certain to bring good luck, and with the same object, some of the women wear round their necks black bags containing fragments of a bat.

The official head of all the dervishes in Egypt has issued an order forbidding devotees to cut and slash themselves with swords and knives, to beat themselves with great balls of iron, and, finally, to howl themselves into epileptic fits on fete days. He also commands them not to eat snakes, swallow burning coals, and crunch glass. He says that such practices are inconsistent with the purity and simplicity of the Mohammedan faith.

THE CONSOLER.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

In winter, when the trees are bare,
And nights are moonless;
When in the damp and chilling air
The birds are tuneless;
When keen winds rattle on the road
And nip our fingers,
There is a comforter abroad
Who never lingers;
Ever he sings in silent ways—
"The winter closes:
'Tis I restore the summer days;
Time brings the roses."

When summer heats our veins oppress,
And the woods swelter;
When, faint with noontide sultriness,
We pine for shelter;
When weary of the daily walk
O'er moor and meadow,
We long for change, for fireside talk,
And the lamp's shadow—
Still sings the soother of our woes—
"To sigh is folly;
The same kind hand that brought the rose,
Shall bring the holly."

True friend!—too often call'd a foe—
He prompts all gladness;
He whispers warmth when cold winds blow,
And joy in sadness;
He lights the darkness of to-day
With promised morrows,
And has some kindly word to say
In all our sorrows.
For every grief he bears a spell—
Care's best controller;
And loves all those who use him well—
Time, the Consoler!

BIRD-LAW.

TRIAL by jury does not appear to be restricted to the human race; certainly the feathered tribes are acquainted with its forms and ceremonies. "Crow Courts" and "Sparrow Courts" are in some parts almost as well known as those intended for the arrangement of man's disputes. In the Shetland Isles a regular assembly of crows of the hooded species, is observed to take place at certain intervals. It is composed of deputations from different localities. All business is abstained from until the convocation is complete. A particular hill or field suitable for the impending work, is selected. The Court opens in a formal manner, and the criminal or criminals are produced at the bar; but what is his or their offence, the human spectator cannot divine. The charge is not made individually, nor the evidence given by separate witnesses; but a general croaking and clamor is collectively raised, and judgment delivered, apparently, by the whole Court. As soon as the sentence is given, the entire assemblage, judges, barristers, ushers, audience and all, fall upon the two or three prisoners at the bar, and beat them till they kill them." Directly the execution is over, the Court breaks up, and all its members disperse quietly

A noted clergyman writes of a trial by rooks which he witnessed between fifty and sixty years ago. He was riding along a quiet road, when he was startled by sounds of an extraordinary commotion among the inhabitants of an adjacent rookery. Securing his horse to a gate, he cautiously crawled for a hundred feet or so to a gap in the hedge of a grass field, to investigate proceedings. A trial by jury was going on. The criminal rook at first appeared very perky and jaunty, although encircled by about forty or fifty of an evidently indignant sable fraternity, and assailed by the incessantly vehement cawing of an outer ring, consisting of many hundreds, each and all showing greater indignation than was manifested by the more select number. Some crime or other had evidently been committed against rook law. Even the scouts, although hovering about in all directions, were so deeply absorbed in the judicial proceedings, that they failed to notice their unenvied spectator. After a short time the manner of the accused was seen suddenly and completely to change; his head bowed, his wings drooped, and he cawed faintly, as if imploring mercy. It was useless; his sentence had been passed, and was irrevocable. The inner circle agreed in upon him, and pecked him to pieces in a few moments, leaving nothing but a mangled carcass. Judgment executed, the whole assembly set up a tremendous screaming, and dispersed; some seeking the adjacent rookery, but the greater number flying away across the fields. The divine, upon picking up the remains of the hapless 'criminal;' was able to discern that it was a male bird. Whether the offender in the case had been convicted of theft, or of a crime of deeper dye, it is of course impossible to say; but it is commonly known that rooks are addicted to pilfering, and that if the robbery is detected—as it almost always seems to be—the offender is punished. It has been noticed that young rooks will often pilfer twigs or other useful materials from the nests of their sides, with which to build their own domiciles quickly; and although they are too cunning to be caught in the act, only committing their thefts when both the owners of the nest are absent, the robbery seems always to get known. When the crime has been discovered and proved, eight or ten rooks are apparently deputed to act on behalf of the whole community; they proceed to the convicts' nest, and in a few moments scatter it to the winds.

Similar judicial proceedings are known to be proper to the raven; and an interesting account of a raven trial is communicated by a well-known Alpine tourist. During an excursion in the Swiss mountains, he accidentally came upon a small secluded glen, which was surrounded by trees; and not having done anything to reveal his presence, he became the unexpected witness of a singular spectacle. About sixty or seventy ravens were ranged in a ring round one of their fellows, evidently reputed a culprit, and with much clatter of tongues and wings, were engaged in discussing his alleged delinquencies. At intervals, they paused in their debate, in order to permit the accused to reply, which he did most vociferously and with intense energy; but all his expostulations were speedily drowned in a deafening chorus of dissent. Eventually, the Court appears to have arrived at the unanimous conclusion that the felon had utterly failed to exculpate himself; and they suddenly flew at him from all sides, and tore him to pieces with their powerful beaks. Having executed their sentence, they speedily disappeared, leaving the mangled corpse of the unfortunate bird, as a warning to all evildoers.

Sparrows also hold judicial inquiry into the conduct of, and mete out punishment to, their fellow sparrows; but not apparently too voluminous a race to submit to all the formalities of the graver members of the feathered family. When a misdeed has been brought home to any one of their community, a force of four or more sparrows is deputed to carry out the execution of the verdict. In their hurry to discharge the decree, they all tumble over one another with the greatest pugnacity, uttering a violent clamor expressive of the most bitter and indignant censure, whilst punishing the culprit. The castigation is soon over, however; and the unfortunate sufferer having endured the penalty is pardoned.

Trials for presumed criminals, and the punishments awarded to them, have been alluded to; but the nature of the offence remains a mystery. Of this, however, it is related that a French surgeon at Smyrna, being unable to procure a stork, on account of the great veneration entertained for them by the Turks, purloined all the eggs from a stork's nest, and replaced them with hens' eggs. Ultimately, chickens were hatched, greatly to the surprise of the storks. The male stork speedily disappeared, and was not seen for two or three days, when he returned with a large number of other storks, who assembled in a circle in the town, without paying any attention to the numerous spectators their proceedings attracted. The female stork was brought into the midst of the circle, and after some discussion, was attacked by the whole flock and torn to pieces. The assemblage then dispersed, and the nest was left tenantless.

Grains of Gold.

They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.

Live well—how long or short, permit to heaven.

Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face

The height of meanness is to exult in its success.

Children have more need of models than of critics.

It costs more to avenge wrongs than to bear them.

The duty of religion flows from a spirit of religion.

The greatest rogues complain most of being slandered.

Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners.

Half the ills we hoard in our hearts are ills because we hoard them.

A man of integrity will never listen to any reason against conscience.

People never attack religion but when they have an interest to attack it.

Gold is, in its last analysis, the sweat of the poor, and the blood of the brave.

Nothing so increases one's reverence for others as a great sorrow to one's self.

We have little pity for others until we are in a situation to claim it for ourselves.

We follow the world in approving others, but we go before it in approving ourselves.

In ourselves rather than in material nature, lie the true source and life of the beautiful.

He is good that does good to others. If he suffers for the good he does, he is better still.

In life two men have failed from defect in morals where one has failed from defect in intellect.

It is good in a fever, and much better in anger, to have the tongue kept clean and smooth.

Every man must work at something. The moment he stops working for God and humanity, the devil employs him.

In the man whose childhood has known caresses there is always a fibre of memory that can be touched to gentle issues.

Our best actions are often those of which we are unconscious; but this can never be unless we are always yearning to do good.

One of the most effectual ways of pleasing, and of making one's self loved, is to be cheerful; joy softens far more hearts than tears.

A dwarf is a more popular show than a giant; for the dwarf makes the spectators giants, while the giant makes the spectators dwarfs.

To tell a lie and then defend it with other lies is like digging a cellar and making it large enough to hold all the dirt that is displaced.

The longer we live, and the more we think, the higher value we learn to put on the friendship and tenderness of parents and friends.

So grasping is dishonesty, that it is no respecter of persons: it will cheat friends as well as foes; and, were it possible, even God Himself.

Let us learn that every thing in nature—even motes and feathers, go by law, and not by luck, and what we sow we are invariably sure to reap.

If a man be gracious to strangers it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them.

Anguish of mind has driven thousands to suicide; anguish of body, none. This proves that the health of the mind is of far greater consequence than that of the body.

Let grace and goodness be the principle loadstone of thy affections. For love which hath ends, will have an end; whereas, that which is founded on true virtue will always continue.

Prepare yourself for the world as the athletes used to do their exercises; oil your mind and your manners to give them the necessary suppleness and flexibility; strength alone will not do it.

To embrace the whole creation with love sounds beautiful, but we must begin with the individuals with the nearest. And he who cannot love that deeply, intensely, entirely, how should he be able to love that which is remote?

Nature has left every man a capacity for being agreeable, though not of shining in company; but there are hundreds of men sufficiently qualified for both, who, by a very few faults that they might correct in half an hour, are not tolerable.

Feminalities.

A veil is a protection against the sun of heaven and the sons of earth.

A Providence paper talks about "animated fragments of shattered rainbows." It means ladies.

Even aprons are made of plush in England. And occasionally they are trimmed with black lace.

The more good clothes a lady has the easier it is to induce her to act as a director in a charitable object.

The Minnesota Legislature has refused women the right to vote on questions respecting the liquor traffic.

Nearly three thousand girls are attending the painting and drawing classes in state and municipal schools in France.

A Maine woman, a glib and persistent talker, has had her husband arrested for attempting to pull out her tongue.

The average time consumed by men in buying hats is seven minutes. The average time of the other sex is 177 minutes.

A Connecticut woman failing to induce her husband to move out of a house which she did not like, deliberately destroyed it by fire

A young bride being asked how her husband turned out, replied that he turned out very late in the morning and turned in very late at night.

The most amazing gown yet devised for a ball dress is of white satin with huge knots of pink roses and green leaves scattered all over the apron and train.

Young lady, examining some bridal veils: "Can you really recommend this one?" Overzealous shopman: "Oh, yes, miss! It may be used several times."

A good book and a good woman are excellent things for those who know how to justly appreciate their value. There are men, however, who judge of both from the beauty of the covering.

A New Haven paper tells a story of a young woman from the back country who attempted to enter a car on the railroad by squeezing herself through a window, supposing that to be the only means of ingress.

An old bachelor out West who years ago was jilted by a woman, became such a woman-hater that, just before he died recently, he ordered that none of the female sex be permitted to attend his funeral. It was a terrible revenge.

The young woman who finds a novel "enchanting," a picture "too lovely," a piece of china "perfectly charming," and a poem "simply delicious," never finds dirt on the dishes, or dust on the furniture, because she doesn't look for it.

In Michigan the law proposes to make hugging a girl against her will a penal offence. The girls will now either have to submit gracefully and not assume to object, and scratch and fight or they won't get hugged. This is as it should be.

"How much is that?" said a mourner in a flower shop, pointing to a wreath of immortelles inscribed "To my mother-in-law." "What you like," replied the florist; "I have had it four years and no one has ever offered to purchase it."

A soft voice in woman always goes with a gentle spirit. A gentleman sitting in a friend's parlor engaged in conversation with him, was startled by a noise down stairs and paused to ask, "What's that—a crash of crockery?" "No; that's only my wife calling to me".

A farmer laughed when his prudent wife advised him not to smoke on a load of hay. He footed it home that night with his hair singed, most of his clothing a prey to the devouring element, and the iron-work of the wagon in a potato sack, and then his wife laughed.

A little girl in Boston calls one of her dolls, a jointless creature, "her woman's rights doll." "But why do you call her so?" asked her aunt, a lecturer upon that much discussed question. "Oh, 'cause, aunt," the child answered, "she's just like you, she can't ever sit down and be comfortable."

Recently a young lady attempted to pitch quoits with her husband. She threw two. The first grazed her husband's head and went into a pear tree. The next went over a grape arbor at the back of her, broke a vase of plants, and struck a hen in the back, killing it almost instantly. Then the quoits were put away.

The following is suggested as a code of signals for girls: "A ring on the first finger to denote poverty and willingness to get married; on the second finger, money and a disposition to listen; though nothing is promised; on the third finger, 'Already engaged, and so you needn't trouble yourself'; on the little finger, deliberating."

A New Hampshire farmer recently agreed to sell his farm for $2,000, but when the day came he told the expectant purchaser that his wife was in hysterics about the trade, and he "guessed he'd have to back out." The purchaser complained, and finally asked how much more would induce him to sell. "Well," replied the thrifty son of the Granite State "give me $250 more, and we'll let her cry!"

A lady friend attended a ball last winter, indulged in coffee, ice cream and cake at midnight, went from the over-heated and vitiated air of the room directly into a wintry blast, and, on reaching home, retired to her chamber feverish and exhausted. Arising the next morning, she observed that a few white flakes were falling, when her remark was, "I don't see why it is that a snow storm always gives me a headache."

An engaged young man is late in paying his regular visit to the dwelling of his musically-inclined betrothed. The young lady is anxious. The family sympathizes with her anxiety. Suddenly the bell rings, and the calm blue sky of peace reappears in the young girl's eyes as she exclaims, rapturously, but ungrammatically: "That's him! How exquisite his technique is on the bell pull, and—oh, the breadth of his ring!"

A sad case: Two loving beings that had plighted their troth some years ago and were about to be married are separated forever. They were sitting together one evening, going on about as usual, when she observed to him rather petulantly: "Charley, you don't understand anything about hugging; you haven't got the knack of it." "Indeed," he replied in a disheartened tone: "that's very strange, for I've been practising on two or three other girls for several months."

News Notes.

There are 70,000 Catholic schools in France.

The new parasols are larger than last summer.

Kentuckians protest against peanut eaters in theatres.

Vulcanized rubber tires are now used on wagon wheels.

There are 10,000 opium-eaters in St. Louis, and 15,000 in Chicago.

Ecru and cream colored buttonless gloves are stylish for evening wear.

Lexington had a hog-stealing case, in which there were 100 witnesses.

In Massachusetts a man bought an old hearse and turned it into a swill cart.

Boil a double handful of hay or grass in a new iron pot before attempting to cook in it.

A fondness for tales of fiction has characterized most of the greatest minds in history.

Huntingdon county never was known to contain as many young deer as are running there now.

A Rock Island pastor has resigned because some of the members of his church persist in dancing.

The late English lord, Seafield, planted no fewer than 60,000 of trees on his estates there during his life.

Rice is the most valuable of all the articles of food in cases of the derangement of the digestive organs.

A New Jersey paper, called the Arrow, publishes the name of its "fighting editor" at the head of its columns.

A Georgia thief stole the crape from a door-knob while the inmates of the house were preparing for a funeral.

The Emperor of Brazil offers to pay the expenses of several Protestant missionaries to his country, although he himself is a Catholic.

An ordinance against profanity is rigidly enforced in an Illinois town. A plain oath brings a fine of $5, and fancy swearing costs more.

A man in York, this State, announces that he wants "to trade a $5,000 insurance policy on the life of a man aged 77 years for a horse."

A tombstone-maker in Indiana has been convicted of defacing stones in the cemetery. His sole motive was to create a business for himself.

Baltimore has encouraged its manufacturing establishments by removing the tax on mechanical tools, engines and machinery in actual use.

A man in New York State recently sold his cottage to a railroad company for $6,000, bought it back for $350 and removed it several miles away for $150

It is stated explicitly by a Cincinnati paper that, up to a recent date, the Police Commissioners of that city were paid $2,000 a month as blackmail by gamblers.

A paper of black pepper was found a few days ago in the cell of a prisoner in a far West jail. It is surmised that it was to be thrown into the eyes of a keeper.

The late Drouyn L'huys, the French statesman, is said to have been the most decorated man in Europe. He had 150 crosses—too many to fit in the lid of his coffin.

An agitation has been started in New York, having for its object the persuading of theatrical managers to admit people at half price when the play is half over. This is the London custom.

A bill has been introduced in the Illinois Legislature which is enough to make all the romancers in the world rise in arms. It is nothing more nor less than a measure to prohibit elopements.

Ten cows stood in a row in a Wisconsin stable, with their heads fastened in the usual way between stanchions. The floor gave way in the night; and in the morning they were found hanging dead.

About thirteen years ago a Kansas farmer lost a watch, and all hopes of ever finding it were given up. Last week the postmaster where he resides handed him the identical watch lost so long ago.

The Arkansas Legislature last week passed a bill making it a misdemeanor to sell in that State a dirk, a bowie-knife, sword-cane or brass knuckles, or pistol of any kind, except such as are in use in the army and navy.

Two French savans have for a year been keeping nine pigs in a state of habitual drunkenness, in order to test the effect of different kinds of alcohol, and it is said the swine are none the worse for their year's tipplings.

Lady Burdett-Coutts some time ago entertained some members of a Belgian regiment at her villa, and gave each man a treat and a cigar. The warriors were much pleased at her thoughtfulness in providing not only the cigar, but the paper to light them with, and used the tracts accordingly.

A white young hostler eloped with and married a negro girl. A row was raised over the match, as is usual in such cases; but there was this novelty about it, in that the man who raised the row was the bride's father. He resolutely objected to a worthless white husband for his worthy black daughter.

The severe winter proved the ruin of Milwaukee's steam heating company. It could supply but forty-five degrees of heat; although sixty-five were needed. Patronage was withdrawn, and the company suspended and turned its works over to the customers. They tried to cover too large a district, some of the pipes extending a mile and a half from the works.

TWO OR THREE COLDS IN SUCCESSION will often establish the seeds of Consumption in the system, converting what was originally a simple, curable affection, into one generally fatal. While ordinary prudence, therefore, makes it the business of every one to take care of a Cold until it is got rid of, intelligent experience presents a remedy in Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, thoroughly adapted to remove speedily all Coughs and Colds, and equally effective in the primary stages of Consumption, Asthma, and Bronchitis.

Facetiæ.

At the picture gallery:—Lady (with catalogue): "No. 88 Eve tempted.'" Gentleman (desirous to know the painter's name): "who by?" Lady (shocked at his ignorance): "Why—by the devil, of course."

"So you married old Hezekiah Penny's eldest, I hear," said the friend. "Yes," said young Infortit. "I have." "Good match?" asked the friend. "I guess so," sighed the bridegroom, wearily, "heaps of brimstone in it." And the years go by.

An Oswego county editor went to Buffalo the other day, and soon after telegraphed to his dear readers: "Your humble servant completed negotiations for a mother-in-law this evening," and the telegram is published in his paper, over his name.

The baby was doubled up with cramps, and yelling at the rate of a mile a minute as the father and mother stood over the cradle with the laudanum bottle between them. "No, Mariar," he said, gently, but firmly, "you pour it out; that child is growing so like your mother I can't trust myself."

A soldier was sentenced, for desertion, to have his ear cut off. After undergoing the ordeal, he was escorted out of the court yard to the tune of "The Rogue's March." He then turned, and, in mock dignity, thus addressed the musicians: "Gentlemen, I thank you, but I have no ear for music."

A free country.—There are some men who feel called upon to whoop and yell and make disgusting nuisances of themselves to demonstrate that this is a free country, and it is always gratifying to have somebody about to knock them down and drag them away in further demonstration of the fact.

The following are some new curicalities: Nails from the claws of a hammer; a bird's eye view from the top of the morning; a receipt of the dews of eve; a leg of a tradestool; a pig from the pen that was mightier than the sword; a map of the State of Matrimony; knots from the Board of Foreign Missions; a bill drawn on the banks of the Delaware.

We ought to get as much consolation as possible out of one's grievances. Most persons will admire the cheerful and hopeful spirit of the darkey who, when struck by lightning, simply rubbed the abraded spot of his skull, and remarked: "Dat makes free times I'se been struck; now, I shouldn't wonder if it let me alone."

When a Chinaman is profoundly excited in his own land, he immediately hitches up his baggy trousers, whirls around his pigtail and his arms and cries, "Wee-ee-e", at the top of his voice. Some people would say this is better than using swear words. But the Chinese don't seem to think so, for the first think they do on arriving in this country is to learn to swear.

Harmless: The people of a New Hampshire town are so fearfully lazy that when the wife of a minister who had just settled in that town asked a prominent citizen if the inhabitants generally respected the Sabbath and refrained from business, replied: "Corfound it, ma'am, they don't do enough work in a whole week to break the Sabbath, if it was all done on that day."

The King of Sweden and the Governor General of Canada write poetry; the Duke of Edinburgh plays the fiddle; the Duke of Cambridge invents whistles; the King of Bavaria is a musical enthusiast; the heir apparent to the throne of England is an accomplished power player. We mention these facts to show that the aristocracy are beginning to perceive how necessary it is for them to prepare for the inevitable, when they may be compelled to make an honest living.

The curtains of a box in a Hartford theatre are drawn close together as the beginning of the performance each evening. Laughter and other noises are heard, and at length the manager, stepping to the footlights, warns the occupants that they must be quiet or quit. After an interval of silence, the sounds of scuffling precede a pistol shot, a woman shrieks and the form of a man is thrown out on the stage; but it is only a man of straw, as the excited audience discovers.

The restaurants have had such a run of custom that some of the waiters are a little inattentive. A stranger called for a plate of oysters, and after smelling them, he said, "Waiter, are these oysters fresh?" "We are not running an intelligence office." "I would like to know if they are fresh." "Well then, eat them; then you will know for yourself. You don't expect me to eat them for you, do you? Do I look like I was here to try old oysters on?"

"You were in the war, then, Cap'in McKillem?" "Oh, yes, ma'am; yes, ma'am; fought all through it." "Is there not," Miss said, hesitatingly, "a great deal of danger in a battle?" "Well, yes," the cap'ain replied, reflectively, "there is, there is. So many men standing around, you know, and so careless a handling of firearms is almost sure to occur during a battle, makes it really unsafe." Miss Lollipop stuttered, and then resumed: "Are not some people severely injured at times?" "Yes," the captain said, "they are. I once had a friend who was hurt so badly that he couldn't leave his room for several days." And then she said there ought to be a law against them, and he said he believed the Legislature contemplated passing some such law at its next session. And she said she was so glad.

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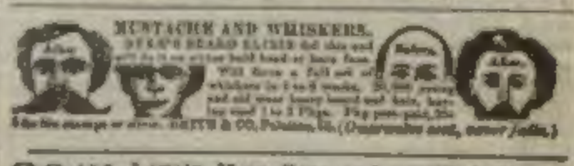

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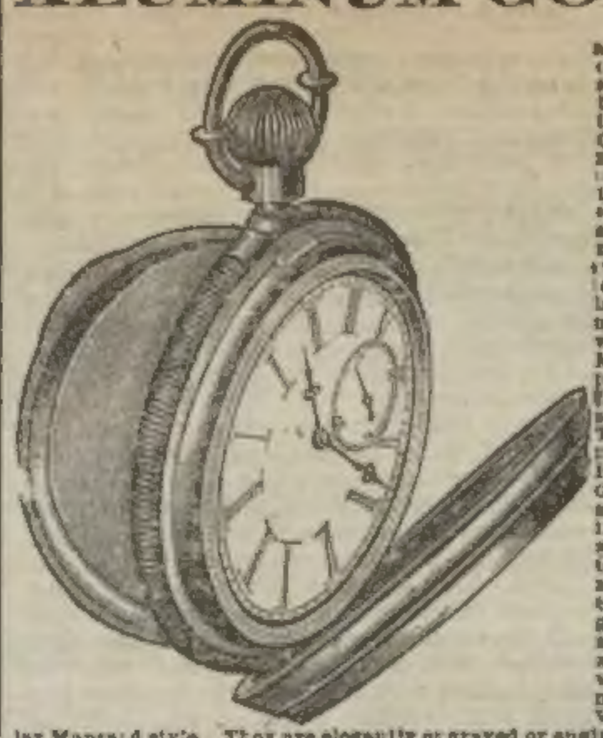

During the past year we have had many inquiries for a STEM WINDING AND STEM SETTING WATCH, one that could be relied upon as a good time-keeper, sufficiently attractive in appearance for any gentleman to carry and that we could sell at a price low enough to come within the reach of those whose duties compel them to carry a CORRECT TIME-KEEPER, but whose circumstances will not admit of their purchasing a high-priced watch. After going over the whole field of American Manufactures, and finding nothing that would "fill the Bill" in every respect, for time-keeping qualities, for appearance and in price, we concluded to look over the foreign markets and see if something could not be found to answer the purpose. We therefore sent a member of our firm to Europe to look up the watch business. He visited England, France, Germany, and in Switzerland, rightly named the "Paradise of watch-makers," found just what he wanted. A FINE STEM WINDING NICKEL MOVEMENT, JEWELED WATCH (fully equal to those put up in gold cases, and sold in this country at $100 and upwards) by giving a large order we got the price reduced sufficiently low so that we could use them in our trade. The next step was to find the right kind of case for the new watch, and armed with a letter of introduction to Prof. or Lorschfield of Geneva—the discoverer and ONLY MANUFACTURER of the celebrated metal known as Aluminum Gold—an interview was obtained. Specimens of the metal were examined, and also numerous articles manufactured therefrom. The resemblance to Gold was marvelous. The Professor exhibited with much pride two grand prize medals awarded at the Great International Expositions held at Paris for the general resemblance of the metal to gold, for its adaptability for the manufacture of useful and ornamental articles, and also for its lasting brilliancy. The interview resulted in our giving an order for cases to be made from ALUMINUM GOLD for our NEW STEM WINDING WATCH. We have them made in the popular Masonic style. They are elegantly engraved or engine turned and are unsurpassed for beauty of workmanship. Every case is stamped with the date of awarding the Prize Medals Paris 1867 and 1878. (JUST HERE LET US PAY: There are several parties selling watches which they call Aluminum Gold, but which are nothing but common Oreide and 14 to be compared with the GENUINE ALUMINUM GOLD. And yet they ask the same price for one of their key winding Oreide watches that we do for a FINE STEM WINDING AND STEM SETTING ALUMINUM GOLD WATCH. The watches are manufactured of the best material and made with improved machinery, and finished by skilled hand labor thus insuring an accurate time-keeper beyond peradventure. Great care is exercised in adjusting them, and particularly in adjusting them for RAILROAD USE. We have spared no pains or expense in perfecting this watch, both as to Movement and now have the pleasure of offering to the public a watch, which in style and time-keeping qualities is ONLY EQUALED BY WATCHES THAT COST TEN TIMES AS MUCH. SAMPLE WATCH by Registered Mail, TEN DOLLARS. We will send one of the above Watches to any person who orders it with the intention of acting as agent, if found satisfactory, for NINE DOLLARS. Send money by Post office Money Order, or Registered Letter. We will send the Watch C. O. D. for Ten Dollars as an account, the balance can be paid at the express office when the watch is delivered. Let us hear from you with a order.)

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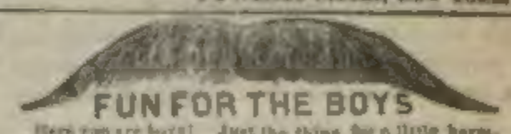

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

FASHION has been thus far more generous than Nature in giving us glimpses of the many lovely things which forestall the approach of the season of warm sunshine and blossoms. During these bleak March days, when the piercing winds make one cling more closely in winter garments, and fur-lined cloaks and muffs are more than ever needed. What a contrast presents itself to our vision when we find ourselves surrounded in all the shops by lovely spring bonnets in all the gaiety of summer flowers, and dress materials so brightly suggestive of mountain and seaside pleasures, garden fetes, and summer rambles, it makes one wish that Time would hasten on more quickly to bring us the warmer days when we can enjoy the wearing of all these lovely creations of Fashion.

Among the most prominent indications of spring with which we have this year been favored by Fashion are the new bonnets, on which are displayed every variety of sweet spring blossoms, either employed as trimmings, or to form entire bonnets. The shapes are, as usual, decidedly varied; but, as a rule, the smaller ones predominate, the capote being the favorite model for floral bonnets, with black and white, plain, and fancy straws of greater or less width. All have strings in some form or other adapted to the trimming, or in keeping with it; for instance, the flower-covered models, as a substitute for strings, have a garland of flowers or leaves matched to those of the bonnet hanging loosely under the chin.

There are all varieties of straw hats and bonnets to be seen—yellow-tinted, Tuscan, Leghorns, cactus lace straw, Belgian split straw, Neapolitan straw, etc. Sometimes the crown is of plain straw, and the brim of open lace straw; and sometimes this arrangement is reversed. The lace straws are open-worked, and require a colored lining; some of the patterns are like Vorahan lace, and some of the black open straws are so fine that they look like thread lace. These black and yellow open straws will be the best spring bonnets, made up over dark red Surah, and trimmed with red ostrich tips.

Shaded feathers as well as wreaths of flowers of a single color, but shaded from cream to deep yellow, or from pink to deep damask, will be the principal trimmings on spring bonnets. There will be several shades, but one color, and there will be no leaves to these garlands. Artificial flowers will have natural tints, and look as much like the natural flowers that have been lately used almost to the exclusion of artificial ones.

A charming capote, entirely covered with Parma violets, has a rosette bow of satin ribbon of the same shade on the left of the front, and a garland of violets for strings, added on satin ribbon.

Not less pretty is one of fern leaves for the crown, bordered with a wreath of red poppies across the front, and with strings of red surah, lined with the palest shade of that color.

A Marie Stuart capote is covered with maiden-hair fern and moss, blended with yellow primroses, narcissus, and forget-me-nots, with a garland formed of fern fronds and primroses on black velvet; whilst another model of the same shape is covered with jet, and encircled with a large wreath of red primroses; the strings are of jetted lace, fastened lightly under a cluster of primroses.

A fine black straw bonnet looks very fresh and pretty with its trimming of purple violets and snowdrops; and equally so is another covered with shaded red and green leaves, and a wreath of blush roses across the front in place of strings is a garland of shaded leaves on black velvet, with a cluster of rosebuds and a bow of ribbon velvet in the centre.

Indeed, it may be said that the small capote, framing in the face, is now more than ever the dressy bonnet, while all large bonnets, round, peaked, indented, turned up on one side, turned down on the other, are adopted for comparatively negligé costumes. Ladies of a certain age wear no model but the capote. Very young ladies choose the large hat indented to suit the face.

A prominent feature in evening dresses is the profusion of Spanish lace with which they are trimmed. I may quote two models, fair examples of this style. The first, a yellow Madras muslin, is made Princess in shape, with, at the bottom, three kiltings, each edged with white lace, and above the trimming is formed by two scarves of the same crossing the front of the skirt, and caught up to form the drapery behind, with red roses without foliage. There is a plain underdress of yellow silk, and the bodice of this is cut low and has no sleeves, but the Madras muslin is high, and the sleeves come to the elbow, both these and the throat being finished with ruffles of lace. The long yellow gloves are lace, trimmed to match. The other model is of pale pink satin, and almost covered with scarves and flounces of rich black lace, and a profusion of pale pink roses. The bodice of this is a low square, both back and front, with trimmings of lace and roses round the opening, and short sleeves composed of one narrow strip of satin and a frill of lace. The gloves are pale pink, with insertion and ruffles of lace, and the shoes of pink plush, embroidered with jet.

Among the new spring materials now introduced I have already noticed the pretty light silks called Bayadere, which are striped in shaded tints, and will be employed for visiting dresses combined with self-colored foulards and taffetas.

Thicker wool goods, sufficiently heavy for the early spring months, are shown in shaded stripes, both lengthwise and bayadere, plaids, shepherds' checks, and bordered patterns.

Soft shades of drab, tan-colors, and the always popular neutral tints are shown in fine wool stuff to be combined with other striped woolens that have a great deal of dark green, olive, and some metallic threads interwoven in the design.

Dressy silk costumes for spring will be made of satin merveilleux combinations, which are still in favor, and brocaded stuffs, entirely different from the materials with which they are associated, will be employed for trimming the basque and sleeves.

Steel will be be much relied on for producing new effects during the spring. A network of it is used for trimming bonnets and hats, and so is steel lace; and steel is woven in combination with silk, so as to produce any novel fabrics which combine well with the sheen of satin.

Shaded or ombre effects will be another feature in spring fashions; shaded feathers, shaded flowers, and shaded ribbons are already plentiful.

The beaded fringes of steel or of jet, or of both combined, show nothing but the beads, and the newest are in chain patterns with links and rings inside rings forming each strand of the fringe. For very dressy costumes—especially black costumes—a great deal of lace, very fully gathered, will be used; for black dresses Spanish lace is chosen; while for lighter dresses the soft woolen materials, white lace of the low-priced grades is colored as dark as coffee yellow, and is also used in great quantities.

A pretty way of making up young ladies' demi-toilette dresses is with a chemisette of some other material. Thus, if the dress is of nun's veiling, Indian cashmere or mousseline de laine, it is made with the bodice cut low and square, but filled up with a chemisette of surah or satin, finely shirred or pleated, with sleeve facings to correspond. Another way of trimming the bodice is with shirred or pleated draperies from the shoulder to the waist line on either side.

The pleated plastron inserted in Pompadour square, or else with the lower part curved or pointed on the bust, is the most usual trimming for the front of woolen dresses, though there are many folds and shirred pieces in long vest-shape. A bow of narrow ribbon is tied in front at the waist line across such pleatings, and sometimes there are wide ribbons that tie in one huge bow on the left side.

A great many dresses have Byron collars of striped stuff, or two standing collars—one of the trimming material, and the other of the dress goods.

A pretty style for making muslin or lawn dresses is with a long over skirt, with wrinkled apron points deeply on the left, quite bouffant behind, and sewed above the edge of the waist, concealing it, and giving the effect of an entire overdress. The part of the lower skirt visible on the right side is covered with many small flounces. The open sleeves are widely turned up in monks' sleeve style, being caught permanently on the inside seam nearly as high as the elbow.

Another muslin dress has a full round waist, worn with a narrow belt, and elbow sleeves edged with two full ruffles. The long full pleated overskirt is worn over a pleated skirt that has no flounces.

Another pretty dress retains the pelerine, or round cape worn with winter dresses. This barely covers the shoulders, reaching just over the top of the armholes, and is edged with plenty of lace, or the border corresponding with that on the dress.

There are light Sicilienne mantles shot with a bright color, and the satin or plush lining, as the case, may be matches the shot effect in color—as, for example, grey Sicilienne shot with golden brown would have a golden brown plush lining.

Fireside Chat.

CURTAINS.—(CONTINUED.)

MOST of the curtains of which I have spoken are deep in color and substantial in material, while the decoration is mainly light upon a darker ground. Besides this more massive style, a great variety of beautiful hangings are designed on an opposite principle; the ground is light and the ornament is dark. The pattern should not be very massive and heavy for this kind of work, or it will look too substantial for the ground; and also this kind of curtain will be used where a somewhat light decoration is required; for a drawing-room in the richer materials, and for a morning room, boudoir, or bedroom in the simpler ones.

Several kinds of satin are made for this purpose in beautiful creamy tints, which take embroidery in floss extremely well. There are also numerous waste silk fabrics which hang and wear well, and are inexpensive; the lighter colors in these are very good, and the work is pleasant to do. There is no better material than linen sheeting for curtains—unbleached if possible; twilled and diaper linen is also very good. Linen will take floss, and is good enough in itself for careful work, being the most durable of all our materials. The browner kinds also make good curtains.

Cotton sheeting makes pretty and inexpensive curtains, and its color and softness recommend it much. But if you are going to take much pains with your curtains and put a good deal of work upon them, a silk or linen material is much better. These light-colored materials look best with a pattern that covers them all over, though it need not be an elaborate one. Such patterns look very well in one color, and may be worked in floss, or in crewel of some thicker kind of worsted.

In the seventeenth century a good many curtains seem to have been worked on linen in bright-colored crewels, the colors being in such numbers and varieties as to harmonize each other into a true polychrome. The patterns are usually large or middle-sized leaves and flowers, in the older and better specimens much conventionalized; they spread all over the curtain in a good proportion of ornament and ground, and the branches grow from one or more stems, which in their turn grow from three or more rows of a scale-like arrangement, which is a conventional mode of expressing the green earth.

For a room that will bear a mediæval style of curtain, and that is not too large or stately for a fanciful device, very effective and interesting curtains can be made with a heralded design with diagonal bars between, in which a motto is embroidered. The ground is blue cloth or serge—dark blue linen might also be used; the motto is repeated again and again, until the spaces are filled, leaving off if necessary, in the middle of a word. The letters are made in linen tape unbleached—the yellower the better—and the heraldic creatures, which should be as many and various as possible, are applied in white cloth, serge, linen or any suitable material, and marked out with blue crewel, or with crewel of their proper colors.

Tape will lend itself well to the forming of mediæval letters of the best style; it must be well sewn down, and the letters kept close together; the lines must be bordered with tape, and the ornament must be proportioned to the size of the curtain.

Curtained beds are now so little used that to speak of furniture for them may be less interesting than our other subjects. Yet, as these curtains beds in many of our houses, the prejudice in favor of them having not quite died out, we will devote a few words to what used to be a triumph of the needlewoman's art.

A good example of a bedroom is furnished throughout with hangings on which a beautiful circular flower is formed into circles, diamonds or borders for the centres and edges of the coverlet, bed-head, valances, bed and window curtains, and a hanging for the toilet table, all worked in deep lilac silk on white twill. This might be adapted to the needs of a modern bedroom with a dainty effect, rendering the room more interesting, and its furniture really more valuable than could be done with the most expensive upholstery.

Portieres are more easy to manage than window curtains, they being usually not so long, and the light is always upon them; they are, however, treated on much the same principle. A number of horizontal bands will often look well for a door curtain; they should be of varying and well-proportioned widths, and of well-assorted colors. Roman scarfs and Moorish rugs will suggest good horizontal arrangements. It is best to have a prevailing color, even if used in different shades and tones, using contrasting colors in narrow lines to border and enliven the broader bands. A handsome pattern worked on one or two of the bands will have a very good effect. It will be best in monochrome or in applied work of one color, edged with another. If the curtains be seen on both sides, as when they take the place of folding doors, they may want all the ornament on the side of the smaller room. It should be distinctly subordinate to the richer side.

For instance, a red curtain with bands of black velvet embroidered in dark gold-color, and narrow lines of gold color, brighter red, or perhaps deep blue, may have the reverse a plain red, with the rich pattern repeated in outlines of black.

A handsome doorway curtain may be made of a dull gold-colored cloth, with a border all round like a carpet, of a reddish-pink, rather pale, with a conventional leaf pattern worked on it in dark brown, which must also edge the border. On the lower part of the curtain, springing from the border, may be three or four upright sprays of very conventional flowers, the leaves dark brown, and the flowers pink with brown centres, and outlined in brown; the leaves may be veined with pink.

Another device for curtains that takes the place of folding-doors, is two shades of green silk sheeting. Large flowers worked on the dado of the darker sheeting, and a single large spray of the flowers worked above the dado on each side of the opening of the curtains; some lighter sprays at the top of each curtain.

Hangings are sometimes embroidered to cover all, or part of the walls of a room. Pictures, furniture, and all the multitude of things that occupy a modern room and make it to differ so much from the scantily-furnished rooms of our ancestors, interfere very much with the effect of a continuous hanging round a room. If the walls are to be hung with a textile fabric at all, it should be of such a nature that to have parts of it hidden is not too great a sacrifice, or it should be the main decoration of the room, as in the case of tapestry.

A kind of needlework tapestry has been sometimes of late attempted for hangings, but it is an exceptional work, requiring a great deal of labor and designs of the nature of pictures or figures.

If a wall hanging be particularly desired, the most repaying will be a narrow frieze-like hanging above a dado of a width proportioned to it, and worked with stiff upright stems of flowers highly conventionalized, or, at even distances, pots in outline with a group of flowers of one sort in each pot.

Another plan is to make a running frieze-like pattern in the cinque-cento style all round the room; it might be mixed with birds or heraldic beasts.

The advantage of this sort of decoration is, that it can be taken down and kept in safety when the room is out of use, or it can be very readily transferred from one room to another.

With regard to the color of all these various hangings, it is difficult, is not impossible, to give any useful directions, for while shades and tones are infinite, words are very few, and, in this matter very inexpressive. Even if the coloring of a single curtain could be explained, only half the work would be done, for the surroundings must have their share of attention, and a curtain that will be beautiful in one room will be ugly in another.

Harmonies in shades of color are usually successful, especially in golden browns and reds. If all the colors are used together they harmonize each other. Two or three colors require great circumspection to get them right, for all combinations depend very much on the shade and tone of each, and all presuppose a skill in coloring that is in part a gift, but in part also the result and reward of study and experience.

When some one asked Sir Joshua Reynolds with what medium he mixed his colors, the painter replied, "With brains, sir." So it is with this as with all things pertaining to art; without "brains" no directions are of much avail, and with them a hint is an ample sufficiency.

Such a costly and laborious work as a set of curtains is worth a vast amount of consideration, and the taking of capable advice, to save the worker from having to pass long years in the constant contemplation of a mistake, to correct which, time, money or energy may be lacking.

Answers to Inquirers.

B. B. L. (Baltimore, Md.)—We will try and procure it for you.

H. L. B. (Elkton Md.)—Davy Crockett fell at the battle of the Alamo.

J. T. (Flint, Mich.)—Benjamin Franklin's body lies buried in Philadelphia.

READER, (Saratoga, N. Y.)—The address of the publisher is New York City.

SUBSCRIBER, (Camden, N. J.)—Any druggist can prepare the prescription for you.

L. D. (Fayette Pa.)—We have not the article handy just now, but if we meet it we will republish it.

A. D. W. (Du Bois.)—We cannot make out the name of the book about which you make inquiry. Write again in a plainer manner.

E. F. M. (Beloit, Kans.)—It would take up more space than we can spare. We can only recommend that you carefully read the Ladies' Department.

CLAUDINE C. (Chambersburg, Pa.)—1. Senator Sharon's address is U. S. Senate, Washington, D. C. It is proper, if you want him to do so, to invite him to call again. See answer to 4. L.

PURSER, K. (Miami, Ind.)—Dulcimers can possibly be purchased in this city. Send an addressed postal and we will forward the name of a good musical firm that will no doubt furnish you what you want.

FLORA, (Clermont, O.)—This lady desires to know who is the author of the following couplet:

"Accept the truth wherever found,
On Christian or on heathen ground."

Can any of our readers tell her?

EDWARD, (Kalamazoo, Mich.—Gold was first discovered in California by a man named Marshall, while engaged in draining a mill-race. Marshall was still alive at last accounts, and was granted a pension of $1,000 a year for life by the Legislature of California a few years ago.

HOUTENEK, (Minn.)—1. Alice means all beautiful or noble. Jane is the feminine form of John and means the power or strength of grace. An ex President is not prohibited by law from taking an office after his term expires. John Quincy Adams, we believe, was a member of the lower House of Congress after having been President.

E. L. D. (Fort Worth, Tex.)—Yes. It is etiquette for a young lady to request her gentleman friends to call again when leaving if she really desires it. It is a false though fashionable etiquette to do so when it is not wished. You are only discharging a duty of common politeness in inviting them, if you are willing they should call again.

R. L. C. (Jasper, Mo.)—This correspondent desires a solution to the following problem: Supposing a vessel to be sailing 20 miles an hour and a cannon, placed on the stern of the vessel should be fired at a certain point in an opposite direction. Velocity of the shot to be 20 miles an hour. How far would the vessel and the shot be apart at the end of the hour?

MAGNUS W. (Oconto, Wis.)—Yes. The explorer, Nordenskiold, in his last voyage, made the passage of the Arctic Ocean, coming through by the way of Asiatic Russia. 2. There is such a difference of opinion amongst the best judges as to which is the best rifle make that more would be worth nothing. In the recent international shooting match there were three or four different makes used by the contestants.

T. V. D. (Clayton, Tex.)—The word Kindergarten is German, and means children's garden. It is a system of education where objects are used in place of words. Thus instead of teaching a child the sense of the word horse by the word alone, a picture or model of the animal is shown. This is supposed to make such a strong impression on the mind that the idea is remembered more clearly. 2. We known of no plan to prepare mustard for common table uses other than to mix it with vinegar until it reaches the desired consistency.

I. W. T.—We have not the means of ascertaining handy, but are almost sure it was Saturday. 2. There are many places in this city where such tools may be bought. Send an addressed postal and we will forward you the name of a good house. 3. We do not know whether or not kerosene oil injures the hair. We fear, however, it would. There are persons of that name here, but you will pardon our not printing their names. It might not be agreeable to them, and certainly would not be to us. Still, should you earnestly desire it, we will send their addresses by mail.

BYRON, (Palestine, Tex.)—That the young man with whom the lady was but slightly acquainted, began his letter "My dearest," and ended with "your most devoted," on its surface shows only that he is not well-acquainted with the proper forms of address in such cases. Her answering it would not have amounted to an acknowledgement of all the address implied. On the contrary, it was her duty to reply, as it is true courtesy not to notice another's faults of breeding. Her silence did harm where an answer might have done good. We think it was her place to answer the letter in spite of its odd manner of address.

A. L. (Handley, Tex.)—In cases of misunderstanding, the shortest and simplest plan is the best. When a lady is in fault her sex does not exempt her from doing what is right, though it may seem a sacrifice. Your best course is to write to the young man candidly explaining your mistake. This, if he is a gentleman, will be in the nature of an apology, while protecting you from any possible chance of humiliation. An incidental expression of your desire to resume the correspondence will doubtless be perceived and acted on. Should you be at a loss what form to use just say that if your explanation is satisfactory, you would be pleased to hear from him.

ELLA J. P. (Gardner, Ill.)—Crimps and frizzes may be worn together, if becoming to the person. They may be worn by any age, if becoming. This is the rule and test. The latest style so far as we have any information of such an uncertain thing, is to part the hair on the side and crimp it on either side. This may be regarded as doing it up low. 2. Do not accept the gift from the gentleman if he is merely an acquaintance. For the rest read the Ladies' Department. 3. At a supper under such circumstances, if you did not care for what was first served, the proper thing is to wait. 4. What a gentleman should say when proposing to a lady is something we would shrink from pretending to know. The main point is to get her consent and so long as this is obtained, the manner of asking it is immaterial. The remarks will apply to the lady's acceptance. 4 It is obligatory to answer all letters as soon after being received as possible, unless some circumstances make it impossible or unadvisable.

IGNORANCE, (Philadelphia Pa.)—1. Why of course it's proper for you to ask a druggist to compound a prescription. How in the world are you to get it otherwise? 2. Clerks or salesmen must be spoken with so far as business demands. If he went any further in your case and intentionally acted as you say he did, he was impertinent, and it was your place to inform the proprietor at once. 3. Corwin was a member of Congress a score of years ago, whose popular manners and ability made him a favorite with all classes of people. He was, we believe, from Ohio. 4 Shelley, the poet, was drowned in the Mediterranean, and after his body had floated ashore it was burned to ashes on a funeral pyre after the manner of the early Greeks. 5 Pneumonia is pronounced new-mo ni a. Bryn Mawr Brin Mawr. 6. Lock Haven is in Clinton county, Pa. 7. Etruria is an old province of Italy whose civilization reached a high stage before the beginning of the Christian era. 8. Margarita, which means pearl, is pronounced in four syllables with the accent on "ta."

A. E. I. (Miles, Ky.)—If the young man stopped writing without giving any reason, you might send a letter asking the cause. If this is unanswered, send another, asking a return of your former letters. Should this meet a like fate, there is nothing for you to do but bear it as patiently as you can. There is no fair remedy other than this. You have done everything that modesty and propriety will allow you to do. You should not have written anything that could imperil your peace of mind by being in any man's possession. In writing to one say nothing on paper you would not be willing the whole world should hear. This is the best and in fact the only protection a woman has in the many contingencies that are always likely to happen in life. 2. If the young man, after paying attention to the young lady for six years, leaves the country and never writes to her, it is likely that he has ceased to care for her, if he ever did so. She can do nothing but bear her sorrow, and hope that time, which alleviates most woes, will bring consolation, if not happiness to her. The burden of unrequited love is not a pleasant one to bear, but no matter what afflictions we are subjected to, we will, if we search earnestly, find there is compensation for them.